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& BYSTANDER

SUMMER NUMBER



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The TATLER and Bystander, JUNE 5, 1957

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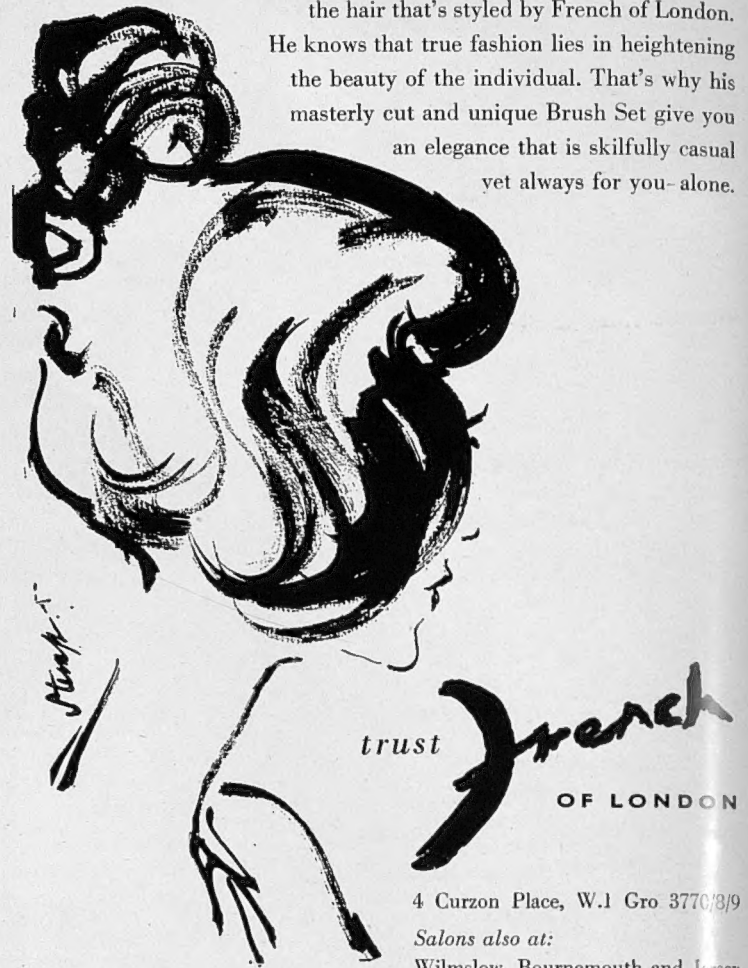


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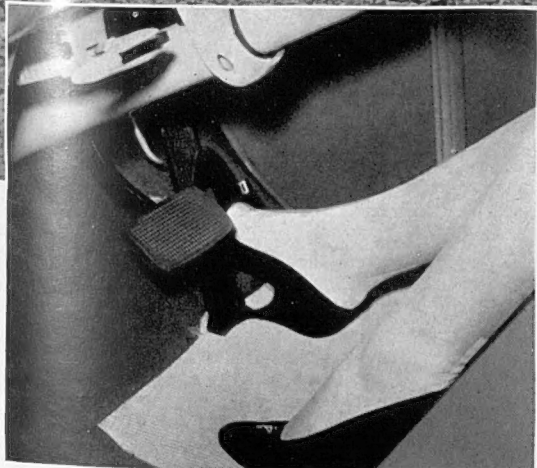
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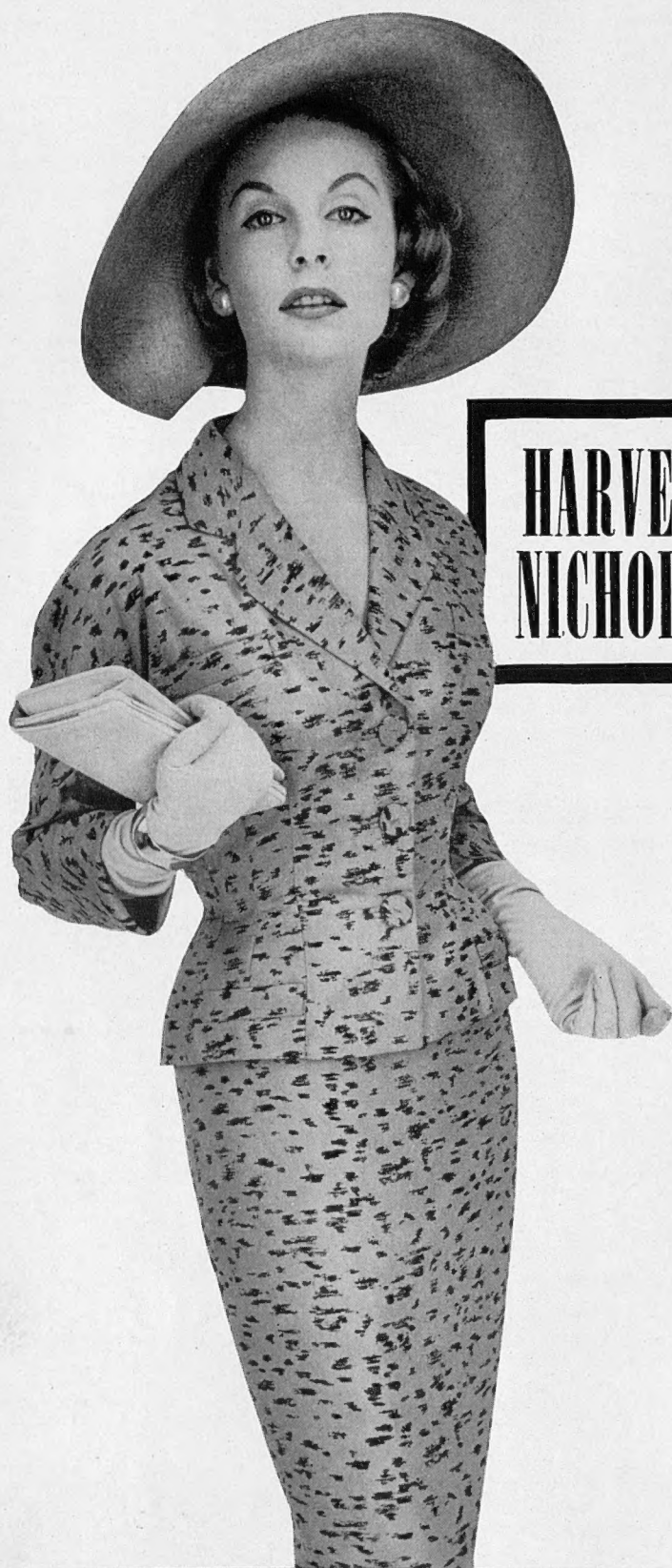
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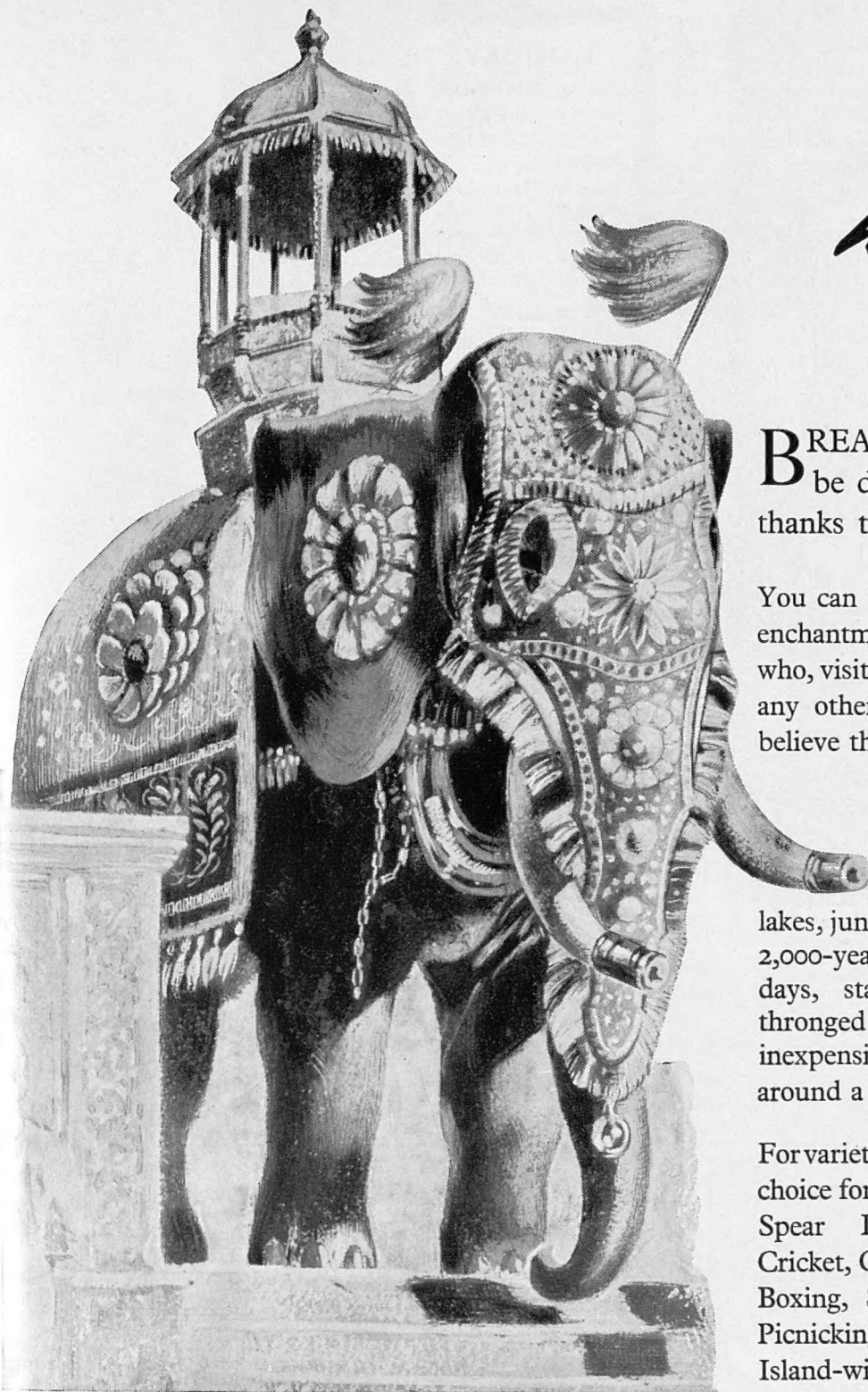
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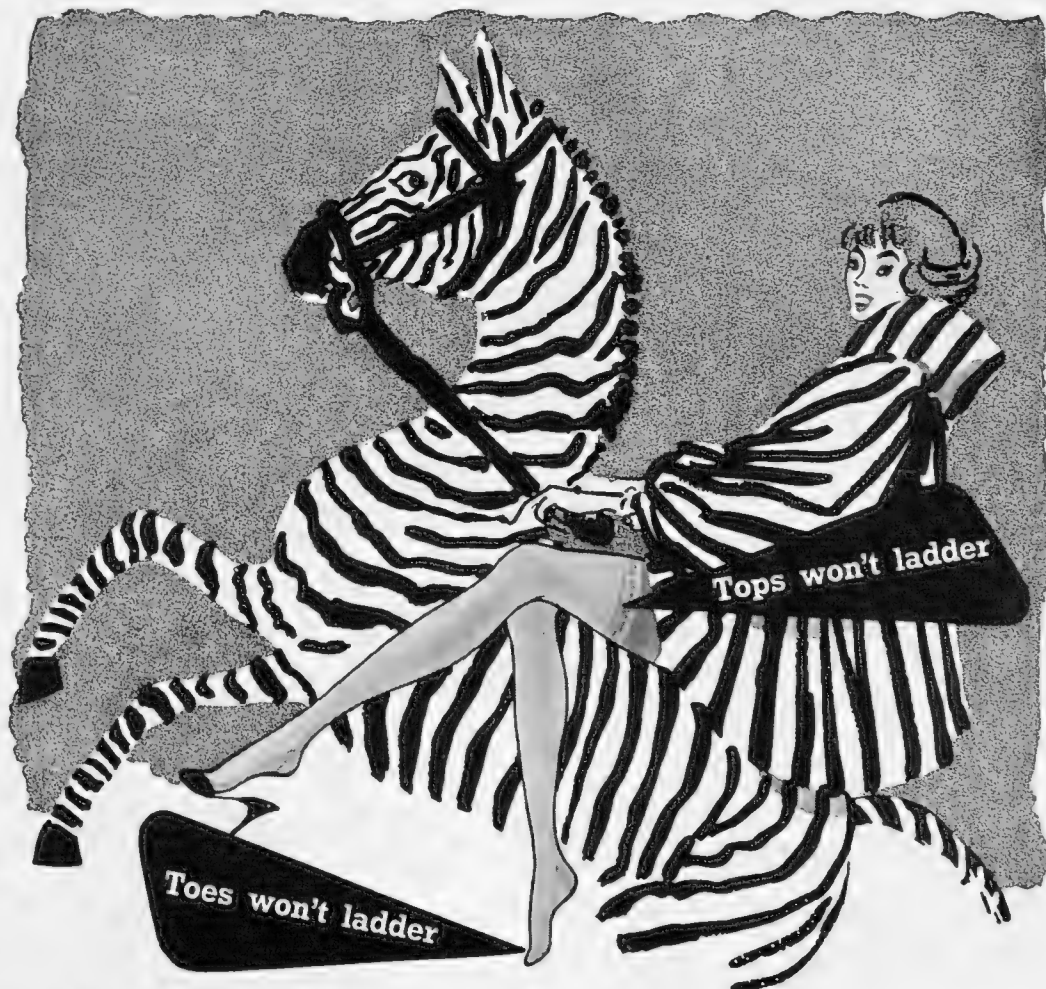
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DIARY OF THE WEEK

From June 5 to June 12



THE SUMMER NUMBER of The TATLER, starting with the sunny and colourful cover by Dekk, is devoted to the pleasures of this time of year. Ahead lie the great events of the Season—Royal Ascot, the Henley Regatta, parties of every description, tennis at Wimbledon and cricket at Lord's and the Oval. Ahead, too, lie the summer holidays, with days of sailing, swimming and travel. Pages of fashion and shopping ideas have been planned to help you enjoy this summer

June 5 (Wed.) Royal Tournament (to 22nd), Earls Court.

First night: *Dear Delinquent*, at the Westminster Theatre.

Dance: Lady Arbuthnot Lane and Mrs. Eric Cuddon for Miss Susan Arbuthnot Lane and Miss Deirdre Cuddon, at the Hyde Park Hotel. Racing at Epsom (The Derby).

June 6 (Thu.) Opera: *The Trojans*, Covent Garden.

Service dinners: The Duke of Gloucester will attend the regimental dinner of the Tenth Royal Hussars at the Hyde Park Hotel; 17-21st Lancers at the Savoy; Coldstream Guards (Nulli Secundus Club), at the Dorchester; the King's Royal Rifle Corps, at the Trocadero Restaurant; Royal Berkshire Regiment at the Hyde Park Hotel. Dance: Mrs. Edward Barford and Mrs. Andrew Lusk for Miss Sarah Johnston and Miss Sally Hunter at Claridge's.

First night: *Free As Air*, at the Savoy Theatre. Racing at Epsom and Beverly.

June 7 (Fri.) Indian Cavalry Garden Party at Hurlingham.

Dances: Mrs. Robert Calvert for Miss Julia Calvert at Leonardslee, Horsham (lent by Sir Giles and Lady Loder); the Hon. Mrs. Cartwright for Miss Elizabeth Cartwright, at Aynhoe Park, Banbury.

The Probyn's Horse Society Centenary Ball at the Trocadero.

Racing at Epsom (The Oaks) and Stockton.

June 8 (Sat.) Cricket: New Zealand Lambs v. Lord Cobham's XI, at Hurlingham.

Daily Express International Sheep Dog Trials in Hyde Park.

Dance: the Hon. Mrs. Bradshaw and the Hon. Mrs. Stockdale for Miss Caroline Bradshaw and Miss Jane Stockdale in Northamptonshire.

Dinner Dance at Hurlingham.

Racing at Hurst Park, Doncaster, Warwick and Stockton.

June 9 (Sun.) Whit-Sunday.

Lawn Tennis: American Tournament at Hurlingham. Polo at Windsor and Cowdray.

June 10 (Mon.) Whit-Monday.

London Cart Horse Parade in Regent's Park.

National Pony Show of Wales at Swansea.

First National Air Races Meeting at Yeadon Aerodrome, near Leeds.

Racing at Hurst Park, Birmingham, Chepstow, Doncaster and Redcar.

June 11 (Tue.) Three Counties Agricultural Show (two days), Hartpury, Glos.

The Glyndebourne Opera Season opens (until August 13).

Dance: Mrs. Michael Browne for Miss Maria Browne in London.

The Air League Ball at the Dorchester.

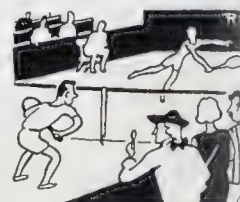
Racing at Hurst Park, Birmingham, Chepstow and Redcar.

June 12 (Wed.) The Duchess of Gloucester will open the Antique Dealers' Fair (to 27th) at Grosvenor House.

Exhibition of Society of Women Artists (to 29th, provisional date), Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly.

Dance: The Hon. Mrs. Charles Fordyce for her son, Mr. John Fordyce, and her debutante daughter, Miss Sheila Fordyce at the Lansdowne Club. Dinner Dance at the Savoy in aid of the N.S.P.C.C.

Racing at Kempton Park and Catterick Bridge.



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Norton-Pratt

Débutante in a Perthshire castle

MISS APRIL DRUMMOND is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Drummond, of Megginch. She was presented on her eighteenth birthday in April this year, and her coming out dance will take place at her home, Megginch Castle, Errol, in August. Her

mother is the daughter of the late Sir Robert Buchanan-Jardine, of Castle Milk, Dumfriesshire, and the sister of the present baronet. Mr. John Drummond is related to Lord Amherst of Hackney through his mother, and is a descendant of the Dukes of Atholl



The Earl and Countess of Westmorland were guests at the Duke of Norfolk's table

Mary Duchess of Roxburghe and Viscountess Galway

Mr. George Bull and Miss Tessa Freeland at the tomb

AT THE ENGLAND BALL

H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA attended the England Ball held at Grosvenor House in aid of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England. Above: the Princess arriving with the Duke of Norfolk, who is the President of the Council



Miss Diana Stoneham, a member of the Junior Committee, with Mr. Julian Belfrage



Sir Frank Sanderson, a patron, and Lady Sanderson



Lady Norton dancing with Sir Charles Norton



HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN drives with King Frederik through the streets of Copenhagen at the start of the State Visit of Her Majesty and Prince Philip to Denmark, which so firmly secured the ties between the two countries

Social Journal

Jennifer

A BALL IN HERTFORDSHIRE

GORHAMBUry, near St. Albans, the home for several generations of the Verulam family, makes a wonderful setting for any function. Guests at the coming-out ball given here by the Hon. Mrs. John Grimston and the Hon. Mrs. Richard Heathcoat-Amory for their daughters, Miss Elisabeth Grimston and Miss Evelyn Heathcoat-Amory, were able to admire the many fine pictures adorning the walls of this lovely ancestral home. They also admired the exquisite flowers arranged up the stairs, in the two ballrooms, the lofty baronial hall with its gallery all round, where a long buffet had been arranged all down one side of the room, and in the library and other sitting out rooms. With the exception of a marquee built on to one side of the house for a supper room, everything was arranged inside the house.

The two heroines of the evening, who are both very attractive girls, looked radiant, Elisabeth Grimston wearing a heavily embroidered and beaded white satin dress, while Evelyn Heathcoat-Amory was in an exquisite dress of cleverly draped paper taffeta in a deep pink shade. Lord Verulam and his brother the Hon. John Grimston, M.P. for St. Albans, were both present to help the two hostesses. As at Mrs. McLean's dance for her twin daughters Marina and Tessa Kennedy, and the Hon. Mrs. Pitman and Mrs. Gerald Walker's joint dance for their daughters, about both of which I wrote last week, there were quite a number of older guests which (I have always heard young guests say) makes a débutante dance much gayer and more interesting. At Gorhambury these included many well known in the world of politics, as it was a Friday night, when neither House was sitting. Among them were the Marquess of Salisbury and the Marchioness of Salisbury, whose lovely home Hatfield is so near Gorhambury, their son the Earl of Cranborne and his very beautiful wife, Mr. Alan and Lady Patricia

Lennox-Boyd, the Hon. James Lindsay, M.P. for North Devon, and the Hon. Mrs. Lindsay who is one of Evelyn Heathcoat-Amory's aunts, and Viscount and Viscountess Davidson.

The Diplomatic Corps was represented by Sir William Hayter, our former Ambassador in Moscow, and Lady Hayter, and Sir Roger Makins our former Ambassador in Washington and Lady Makins, who brought their very attractive twin daughters Cynthia and Molly, who came out a couple of years ago. Their débutante daughter Virginia had gone to another coming-out dance in Oxfordshire that evening.

MANY friends had motored down from London, others had come even farther; among these were Mr. Alex Abel Smith and his very attractive wife, and Sir Giles and Lady Loder who had come from Sussex. The Loders left before two as they were opening their lovely garden at Leonardslee to the public next day, which usually means between two and three thousand visitors! I met Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn, who were enjoying the delicious hot breakfast dishes, in a party with the Duke and Duchess of Bedford and her mother the Duchess of Leinster. Also Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, Earl and Countess Cadogan, Brig. and the Hon. Mrs. Senior, that interesting personality Sir James Mann, whose activities include being Director of the Wallace Collection and Master of Armouries in the Tower of London, the Earl and Countess of Cottenham who brought a party, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale, Lord and Lady Brocket, Mrs. Anthony Crossley, Mr. Charles Harding, Mr. and Mrs. Vane Ivanovic, Miss Rosie Newman, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tiarks.

Many members of both families were present, among them Sir Robert and Lady Grimston, and their son-in-law, and elder daughter Mr. and Mrs. Edward Underdown, their younger daughter Ella, Mr.

[Continued overleaf]



Betty Swabe

MISS JENNIFER NELSON, who last month shared a dance with Miss Karol Prior-Palmer, is the daughter of Col. E. J. B. and Lady Jane Nelson, of Hackers House, Churchill, Oxford. Miss Nelson is a very keen follower of the Heythrop hounds

and Mrs. Murray Stuart Smith (as Joan Motion, Mrs. Stuart Smith had her coming out dance at Gorhambury a few years ago), that delightful personality Major the Hon. William Alexander who was meeting endless friends and relations, Brig. and Mrs. W. Heathcoat Amory, the Hon. Mrs. Humphrey Butler, and Capt. Alex Francis and his attractive wife who wore a lovely red dress.

Evelyn Heathcoat Amory's aunts, the Hon. Mrs. Orloff-Davidoff who brought a party, and Senhora Villalonga who had come over from Paris, were there, also her cousins the Hon. Hazel and the Hon. Susan Scott-Ellis, who brought a party of young friends including Count Joseph Czernin and Miss Francesca Fummi. Elisabeth Grimston's grandmother Mrs. Walter Duncan was also present; a most lovable personality greatly missed was Evelyn Heathcoat-Amory's grandmother the Dowager Lady Howard de Walden, who at the last moment had to miss the ball as she had tonsillitis and a high temperature.

A few more of the great number of young friends who I saw enjoying this lovely dance, which went on until around 4 a.m., were Earl Bathurst, Miss Julia Stonor dancing with Mr. Ian McCorquodale, Lady Marye White, lovely in pink, Sir Gerard Newman and his twin brother John, Mr. Martin Kenyon, Mr. Alistair Alexander, Miss Caroline Dugdale, Miss Lorna Lyle, who is among the loveliest of this season's débutantes, Miss Deirdre Senior and Miss Henrietta Tiarks, two other attractive girls, Mr. Alexander Lindsay, his cousin Miss Tatiana Orloff-Davidoff, the Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain, the Earl of Clarendon, Mr. Robert Buxton, Mr. John Miles Huntingdon Whiteley, and Mr. Tim Thornton.

★ ★ ★

THE Royal Horticultural Society's Chelsea Show was this year perhaps the best ever to be held. Not only were there many exhibits which normally would not be in flower by this time of the year, but there were also many new and interesting plants. In the gigantic marquee the exhibits, whether flowers, fruit or vegetables, were superbly staged; the outside gardens tastefully laid out and the stands well arranged. On the Private View day, which happily began this

year early in the morning instead of 2 p.m., so that it was never too congested to see the flowers; I also saw many friends going round; some of them placing orders for their gardens. The Earl and Countess of Haddington, the latter very attractive in navy blue, were no doubt thinking of flowers that would thrive at Mellerstain.

The Countess of Hardwicke in a lavender grey suit had a very businesslike air, as had Lady Cornwallis, who moves into a new home near Tunbridge Wells this year, and was making inquiries at Waterer's stand of rhododendrons and azaleas, for which I noticed they had been awarded a gold medal. Margaret, Lady Glanusk was busy ordering plants for her home Glanusk Park in Breconshire, and I met Lady D'Avigdor-Goldsmid who has, I believe, a beautiful garden at her home Somerhill in Kent. The Duke of Devonshire stopped to have a word with Baronne Geoffrey de Waldner over from Paris, and looking exceedingly chic in a pink suit, and a little hat to match. She was going round with a party of French friends, all taking the keenest interest in the newest plants, which among others included a fascinating green tulip called Greenland, and a green and white one called Angel.

I also saw Countess Fitzwilliam, the Chief Constable of Lancashire Col. Eric St. Johnston, Mrs. Zamora, Lord Bruntisfield, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Miller, Mrs. Jack Matthews, Sir Geoffrey and Lady Cory-Wright who were on their way to have tea in the President's tent, and Mrs. Hall, who told me the National Floral Arrangements Society are holding their summer flower academy at the R.H.S. Hall in Vincent Square, on June 21 and 22.

Among the exhibits which caught my eye were Dobbie's stand of tulips, Charlesworth's orchids, Robert Bolton's sweet-peas, with a huge vase of the salmon pink Mary Malcolm in the centre, Allgood's carnations, Toogoods vegetables, W. C. Wick's enchanting show of Saintpaulias which was attracting a big crowd, Carter's florist flowers including giant Amaryllis lilies, the National Farmers Union Market Produce Show Society exhibit of vegetables, fruit and flowers, crowned with a weather-cock (a cockerel made entirely of vegetables), Waterer's fine herbaceous plants, and Konynenburg & Mark's gladioli from Holland. All of these won gold medals for their superb exhibits.

★ ★ ★

VISCOUNT INGLEBY specially chose a Monday when he sent out invitations for a cocktail party in the House of Lords for his débutante daughter the Hon. Mary Rose Peake, as the Upper House seldom sits on that day; but plans had to be changed at the last moment as the Lords, with an extra amount of work to get through, decided to sit that afternoon, so the party was changed to a room in the House of Commons. This proved a great success and when I arrived I found a great number of young people gathered together talking merrily.

While Viscount and Viscountess Ingleby received the guests, Mary Rose, who is a very pretty girl with great charm, radiating enjoyment of her first season, was going round introducing her young friends. Lady Ingleby is giving a coming-out dance for her next winter, which is so much more sensible than trying to squeeze it into this very crowded season. To mention a few of those present, I saw Miss Margaret Pitman, Lady Sarah Savile, Miss Elizabeth Whitbread, Miss Sally Hunter, Miss Sarah Johnstone and Miss Sarah Legard, both looking charming wearing gay little hats with their dresses. Lord and Lady Ingleby's second daughter Mrs. David Hay was there with her husband, and there were any amount of young men including Lord Farnham, whom I met talking to Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, and Lady Salisbury-Jones, who looked in for a short while.

★ ★ ★

FROM there I went on to the very attractive Knightsbridge flat of F Major Dance, M.P., and Mrs. Dance, who was giving a cocktail party for her very gay and amusing god-daughter Miss Anne Holbech, who is also a débutante this year. She is having her coming-out dance in Warwickshire in July. Anne's grandmother Mrs. Ronnie Holbech and her uncle Mr. John Holbech were two of the very few older guests at the party, which was another very happy gathering of young people. Among them were Anne's cousin Capt. Tony Findlay, Mr. Euan Johnstone, Mr. David Inglefield and Lord James Crichton-Stuart, who was going back to Cambridge after the party. Also Miss Sue Coles, the Hon. Mary Ann Gretton who is having her coming-out dance at her home in Leicestershire in November, Miss Elizabeth Eaton, Miss Caroline Spicer and Miss Edwina Sandys, who arrived late and was immediately surrounded by young friends.

★ ★ ★

MRS. PETER THORNEYCROFT, this year chairman of the Ball organized on behalf of the British-Italian Society, which was held at the Savoy Hotel, is to be congratulated on the success of the evening. Not only is she lovely to look at and charming to everyone, but Mrs. Thorneycroft is also an exceptionally capable organizer. The Lancaster Room, where dinner and dancing took place, was never overcrowded—such a relief after the many nights one suffers in inadequate space!

Lord Leconfield, chairman of the Society, and Mrs. Thorneycroft, who was in aquamarine blue satin, received the guests in the River Room where aperitifs were served and a tombola was in full swing. Beautiful carnations flown from San Remo as a gift were distributed among the guests to wear, and when dinner was announced, everyone went down to find their places at candlelit tables. Masses more carnations, also sent as a gift from San Remo, were arranged on the tables and banked in front of the band. Count Zoppi, the Italian Ambassador, had a big party including the Swedish Ambassador and Mme. Hägglöf, very chic and lovely in red faille, the Duchess of Argyll who had only arrived down from Inveraray a few hours before the ball, Mr. Duncan Sandys, the Minister of Defence, the Earl and Countess of Harewood (he is president of the Society) and Mme. Manuel Bianchi looking very pretty in red satin and greeting many old friends. She arrived from Chile last month with her two youngest children, and is staying at her mother's flat for several months. She is hoping that her husband, who was for so many years Chilean Ambassador here, will be able to join her in the autumn.

SIR VICTOR and Lady Mallet, the Hon. Graham and Mrs. Lampson, Donna Antonella Capece di Bugnano, Donna Nenita Ruspoli, Baron Berg, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Legge, and Mr. John Foster, Q.C., were also in the Ambassador's party. The German Ambassador and Mme. Herwath, very chic in black, were at the next table in Mrs. Thorneycroft's party where the guests included Viscount Monckton, who sat at one end of the table in the absence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was busy in the House of Commons, Viscountess Monckton, very soignée and chic in light coffee coloured faille, the Earl and Countess of Bessborough, Sir Alfred Beit and his very attractive wife who was in two lovely shades of green, Sir John and Lady Marriott, Sir Henry Channon, Mr. Peter Coats in scintillating form in spite of a long visit to the Chelsea Flower Show, Mrs. John Dewar, Mr. and Mrs. Hamish Hamilton, and Mr. and Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell.

Lord Leconfield had a party too, his guests including Sir Ivison and Lady Macadam, the brilliant pianist Miss Harriet Cohen, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Johnston, and Mrs. Guy Wyndham.

The whole atmosphere was one of a private party, and around the room at other tables were Mary Duchess of Roxburghe in black with pearls and emeralds, the Hon. William and Mrs. Watson-Armstrong with M. and Mme. Guy Baricalla, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Stirling, the Hon. Robin and Mrs. Warrender and Viscountess Jellicoe.

(Continued overleaf)



A. V. Swaabe

A BIRTHDAY DANCE

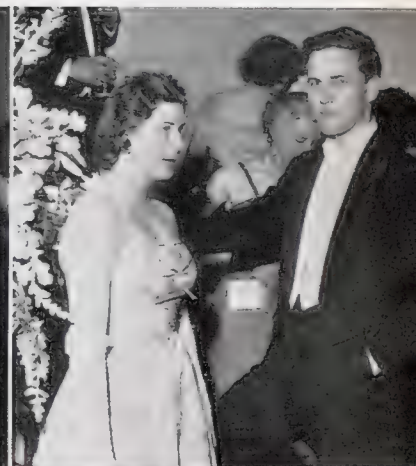
MISS KATHERINE SACHS combined her birthday with her coming out dance held in Belgrave Square. Watching her cut her cake were her father and mother, the Hon. Sir Eric Sachs and the Hon. Lady Sachs, and her brother Mr. Richard Sachs

Miss Susan Wills dancing with the Hon. Colwyn Philipps

Miss Pamela Strickland Shailes with Mr. Pat Campbell Fraser



The Hon. Julian Fane and Miss Joan Lawton



Miss Evelyn Heathcoat Amory was in company with Mr. Martin Stansfield



Miss Virginia Aked and Mr. Garry Ropner



Miss Lucinda Hanbury and Mr. Jeremy Lancaster



Miss Penny Moreton, from Co. Dublin, clearing a bank on Red Sea in the Championship jumping

C. C. Fennell

AN EVENT IN ULSTER

THE ROYAL ULSTER Agricultural Society's Annual Show was held at Balmoral, Belfast, recently. The Show, which lasted for four days, is always a very popular event in Northern Ireland



Captain C. W. Benson and Mrs. Benson

Lady Clanwilliam and Lady Selina Meade



Peter Mawhinney on September Morn won a class in the children's ponies event

AFTER the British-Italian Ball, I went on to Belgrave Square where the Hon. Michael and Mrs. Portman were giving a coming-out dance for their débutante daughter Suna, who wore a pale salmon pink satin dress. The party was in full swing, the first floor ballroom full of dancers and the downstairs library of other guests sitting out. A few had ventured into the little paved garden, but although the evening was fine it was not very warm.

This was a cheery reunion of friends of this very big family, and many who have not débutante daughters themselves gave dinner parties for the dance, among them the Earl and Countess of Hardwicke, whom I saw dancing (their eldest and very attractive daughter Lady Amabelle Lindsay was also there with her husband), Viscount and Viscountess Wimborne, Mr. Portman's sister the Hon. Mrs. David Bowlby, Mr. and Mrs. Eskdale Fishburn and Mrs. Portman's sister Lady Hindlip and her husband. Their elder daughter the Hon. Penelope Allsopp, who is finishing in Paris, was over for her cousin's dance and looked very sweet in pale blue; she is making her début next year.

Other young people at this dance, which was one of the most enjoyable, included Miss Nicolette Kindersley, Viscount Dunluce, Miss Patricia Rawlings, Miss Camilla Bellville, Miss Jennifer Daw, the Hon. John Joliffe, Miss Susie Hennessy, Mr. Euan Johnstone and Mr. Paul Channon. Mr. and Mrs. Euan McCorquodale and Mr. and Mrs. Jocelyn Stevens were among the young marrieds, and I saw Mrs. John Wyndham looking very beautiful in pink, Mr. and Mrs. Reggie Sheffield and the Hon. Philip and Mrs. Kindersley who told me they were motoring back to Sussex after the dance.

★ ★ ★

FROM friends who were present at the marriage of Capt. Michael Edwin Roberts, son of the late Mr. Edwin Roberts and Mrs. S. R. Wood, and Ann, daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Leonard Whitbread, I hear it was a very pretty one. The ceremony took place in the Brompton Oratory, with the reception at Londonderry House which, like the church, had been beautifully decorated with yellow and white flowers. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of old family ivory silk, woven with silver (which she had earmarked as a child for her wedding dress!); on this was arranged some superb old lace which the brides of the bridegroom's family had worn for generations. Her tulle veil was held in place by a diamond tiara.

She was attended by four older bridesmaids and one child, who wore long-sleeved ivory satin dresses with narrow delphinium blue sashes and crescent headdresses of white flowers. They were Miss Diana Sinanian, Miss Susan Glazebrook, Miss Dawn Malet, Miss Helen Capon and Louise Marsden. Philip Marsden who was the one page, wore long blue velvet trousers and an ivory satin shirt.

Guests at the reception were able to admire about two hundred of the fine wedding presents received by the young couple, which were arranged in the drawing-room. After the bride and bridegroom had cut their wedding cake in the ballroom, Air Vice-Marshal Gerard Combe made a short speech and asked everyone to join in drinking the health of Ann and Michael, who later left for their honeymoon in Spain and Tangier.

★ ★ ★

I WENT down to Hurlingham Club for a delightful cocktail party given there by Sir Charles and Lady Norton. My host and hostess, a charming and popular couple who filled a busy year while he was President of the Law Society until last December, were just about to begin another very full one, as they are the new Mayor and Mayoress of Westminster. Sir Charles has been a member of Westminster City Council for a long time, and has for a great number of years taken an active interest in the Borough. Mrs. Gerald Legge, a most glamorous as well as efficient councillor, was among the guests at the party, which included several friends from the legal world, among them Lord Dunboyne who came alone as he told me Lady Dunboyne was looking after their two children, their nanny being on her holiday.

Also at the party were His Honour Sir Eric Sachs and the Hon. Lady Sachs, Sir George Coldstream, secretary to the Lord Chancellor, and Sir Bernard and Lady Blatch. Sir Edward and Lady Herbert brought their two daughters, Sir Bernard Waley-Cohen was accompanied by his wife, Lady (Noel) Curtis-Bennett was there in great form, also Mr. and Mrs. Tony Negretti, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Robinson, Major and Mrs. Hobkirk who live in the fascinating Rangers House in Hyde Park, and her very attractive daughter Miss Belinda Fox. A very gay party was completed by Anne de Lys playing current popular tunes softly on a piano in one corner of the room.

★ ★ ★

THE opera season opens at Glyndebourne this year on June 11 and closes on August 13. Seven works will be produced, three by Mozart, two by Rossini and one each by Verdi and Richard Strauss.

With this excellent programme of operas and if the glorious spring we have had develops into a warm summer, a visit to Glyndebourne, with its opera house in the heavenly setting of Mr. John Christie's lovely home and gardens, will be more than worth while.



*The
TATLER
and
Bystander.
JUNE 5.
1957
519*

*Miss Virginia Gaselee, Capt. H. L.
Christie and Mrs. Stephen Wright*

BERKSHIRE SHOW

LAMBOURN, on the Berkshire downs, the home of many famous racing stables, was the scene of a one-day horse show entirely devoted to jumping competitions



*Christopher Snow, Mr. and Mrs. P.
Frederick and Lady Jean Christie*



*Miss Susan Whitehead, the noted show rider, on the Hon. D.
Paget's Scorchin, leaves the arena after winning an event*



*Miss Gay Rogers and Miss Julie Kenderdine
with Blue Cat*



*Mr. Fulke Walwyn, the N.H. trainer,
and Mrs. Walwyn*



*Lt.-Col. John Granville
and Mrs. Granville*



MAN—THAT UNWITTING BALLROOM BEAST

PETER DICKINSON provides a most seasonable article in which he shows why the average hostess so balefully eyes the average nice young man

SOMEWHERE, tucked away in some Platonic cave, waits the Ideal Season. It may never, as they say in Government circles, be released for consumption but, just in case we do something to deserve it, there it is stored in readiness with all its delights: the Mediterranean weather, even at Henley, and the night-long dancing in new and amusing places and money flowing like cheap champagne and a tie in the Eton and Harrow match and the disappearance of the St. Bernard Waltz and plenty of marriageable peers on the market, not one of them a lout, and a single volcanic scandal to keep parents happy, and all the photographs of engaged couples managing to look somehow human, and something quite gay happening at a presentation party and, above all, every hostess being perfectly certain that any stray young man she may invite to make up the numbers at a dinner party will in fact know how to behave.

Some of us can all the time, and most of us can most of the time, but the uncertainty is enough to drive Juno distraught. Perhaps the Minister of Education is the first person to approach for help. I do not recall that any attempts were made to teach me manners at school and if there had been they would, reasonably, have been perfunctory and despairing.

MOSTLY it does not seem to matter much, the currency of behaviour being so debased nowadays, but the Season is still shot through in places with a lustre from the good days before world wars became fashionable, and in that light we do not always look so well. For one thing, so few of us can afford the leisure for endless politeness, office hours and young men's wages being what they are.

It is true that a few of the monster oil and chemical corporations choose to decorate their premises with languid aristocrats who are paid to look as though they have been dancing till daylight every night for the past three months. They must, I think, do this for reasons of prestige, like patronising the arts or printing large

and pretty advertisements that have little to do with their products and in a way it is a good thing; it keeps the idea of moneyed leisure for young men going in a tenuous fashion and may even encourage Lord Hailsham to regularize the situation by starting a scheme for Social Scholarships.

Until then we must all do what we can to help. A magazine like this, for instance, is in a good position to run an advice column written in a tone of cosy cynicism by someone with a heart as large as a cabbage but not so green:

"Dear Uncle George, I have recently been on a round of visits in Dorset which culminated in rather an embarrassing incident. I was due to spend my last week-end at _____ Castle which is run in a pleasantly old-fashioned way with



plenty of servants. By then I had accumulated several dirty shirts, vests, etc., and, being anxious that these should not be unpacked for me under the disdainful nose of some under-butler, I put them all on. No sooner had I arrived than we were whisked off to practise Highland dancing at a neighbouring castle and, what with the warmth of a summer night and being rather fond of a girl there and the exercise and my extra clothing, before the evening was out I fainted. For some reason my host chose to cut me out of my clothes, so now I have ruined half my haberdashery as well as being made to look rather a fool, though they didn't mention it when I came to. How can I prevent this happening again? Yours, etc.—G.W.R.”

You should remember that servants know that other people are human, and even rather like to be reassured of the fact. When I pack for a week-end at a house like the one you describe I always try to include a slightly dirty shirt. Nothing disgusting, of course.

“DEAR Uncle George, I am fond of dancing and drinking and that sort of thing and get asked about quite a bit, but I find that I cannot talk to débutantes. Even the intelligent ones seem to trot round and round the same small, shrill circle of gossip, and anything I say seems to be only an interruption in the routine. Can you help? Yours, etc.—L.N.E.”

Several of the companies that make teach-yourself-languages records produce one of appreciative grunts. It is well worth the outlay, and you should hang on to it when you have learnt them as you will want to refresh your memory when you marry.

“Dear Uncle George, I find that I have somehow got the reputation of being a ‘Debs’ Delight.’ It is very unfair. Why pick on me? Can you suggest anything more practical than persuading all my friends to join the Foreign Legion to forget? Yours, etc.—Worried (Hon.)”

I am writing to you privately.

DEAR Uncle George, I know it is not smart to talk about what Miss Mitford said we must not say any more, but she's still in the air. I know all the right answers but can't help feeling a bit self-conscious about some of them and I feel that this betrays itself in my manner of speech, as though they didn't come naturally to me. Can you help? Yours, etc.—L.M.S.”

You should, as Pope suggests, “Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays, For not to know some trifles is a praise.” If you feel that you are in company too crass to appreciate this, you should be the wrong, or non-M, word very self-consciously, as though you had quotation marks round it. This comes easy after a little practice.

Nothing is going to help the young man who habitually takes out his evening shoes when packing for a dance, but a column like this might alleviate the gaucherie of those who are new to the Season and at the same time tone down the excessive loss of some of those who are not.

I may have seemed to imply that all débutantes, either by education or inborn grace, already know how to behave. I only meant to suggest that it would be a relief to hostesses if they knew that half their guests could be relied on, and that it would be sensible to start trying to educate the more tractable material.



CHILDREN OF LUXEMBOURG

ROYAL TWINS. Prince Jean and Princess Margarethe, with their brother and sister, Prince Henri and Princess Marie-Astrid, are the four children of Princess Josephine Charlotte and Prince Jean of Luxembourg



Priscilla in Paris

FLOWERS AND FURS SHARED HONOURS



IT was at the close of one of those perfect, early-summer days to which we are not yet quite accustomed that someone cheerfully remarked: "To think that in a few weeks the days will be growing shorter!" The speaker deserved to be guillotined, garrotted, hung, shot, drawn and quartered, without the option of a fine!

When one is planning the summer holiday that one hopes will be as warm as this spring has been gelid, one does not care to be reminded of the waning autumn days that follow.

There were as many fur coats as flowered frocks at most afternoon parties recently. On one occasion the sun shone gaily enough through the tall windows of the reception rooms at the Figaro but the east wind tossed blizzards of spray from the fountains of the Rond-Point on the arriving guests. This was a party given in honour of Miss Rebecca West when M. Pierre Brisson, the eminent critic and editor of the *Figaro*, decorated her with the *Légion d'honneur* on behalf of the French Government in recognition of the many services she has rendered to French authors and to this country. It also expresses gratitude for the pleasure her works—nearly all translated into French—have given her readers.

HAPPY woman. She has everything: wit, charm, erudition and the gift of *le mot juste* that was also possessed by Colette . . . the same polished richness of words; the eye recognizes them as such and one has to read certain sentences aloud to enjoy their cadence. *Belles lettres*, novels, essays, critiques, journalism . . . she is omniscient.

Present at this *entente cordiale* party were H.E. Sir Gladwyn and Lady Jebb, Mr. Henry Andrews, who is Rebecca West's husband; Mme. Odette Arnaud, Mlle. Célia Bertin, Miss Monica Stirling, Mr. Eric Hawkins, M. Yves Gandon, president of the Société des Gens de Lettres, Jacques de Lacretelle, André Siegfried, Roger Massip and so many other literary lions of the day that if I name them all I shall have no space left to write of another Anglo-French gathering at which all the same nice people met again with the always somewhat overwhelming—I mean numerically, of course—addition of *le tout Paris*.

THE Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, where the Festival of Nations is taking place, was tight-packed to welcome Miss Vivien Leigh and Sir Laurence Olivier, who were appearing in Shakespeare's Grand-Guignolesque shocker *Titus Andronicus*. I must be forgiven for this disrespectful levity; it is a tribute to Sir Laurence, his Lady, and Peter Brook, and simply echoes the remark made by one of our most snarly critics: he wondered what it would be like to see the tragedy played by barnstormers at a one-night stand.

Played as it was played the other evening brought the spectators to their feet when, at midnight, the curtain fell and rose again and again. The beating waves of applause testified to the taut nerves of an audience that had witnessed the *tour de force* of the impossible made not only possible but plausible. One was proud of having been present on this great occasion, but in order to show how hard-boiled we really are we laughed when Françoise Rosay declared that there are moments when one is glad to be a vegetarian.

Autograph hunters had a glorious time, there were so many stage and screen stars among the audience; in the foyer and passages one was reminded of the *Kermesse aux Etoiles* that will take place again this year, at mid-June, in the Tuileries gardens. Gérard Philipe, Jean Marais, Maurice Chevalier, Louis Jourdan, Alice Cocéa, Michèle Morgan and Arletty were, as usual, mobbed as they arrived and left the theatre and paid their tribute to fame.



Desmond O'Neill

Princess Maria-Christina on the Côte d'Azur

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS Princess Maria-Christina of Bavaria, who is seen on the beach at Monte Carlo, is one of the many members of European Royal families who spend the summer regularly on this beautiful and gracious coast. The Princess is the eldest daughter of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Bavaria-Bourbon, her father being a nephew of the late King Alphonso of Spain. The Princess has two brothers and a sister



Howard Coster

Unofficial Ambassador to New England

LADY CAREY COKE is the second daughter of the Earl and Countess of Leicester, of Holkham Hall, Norfolk; she was born in 1934. Last year her elder sister, Lady Anne, married the Hon. Colin Tennant, son of Lord Glenconner, and they now have a small son. This spring Lady Carey was invited to Norfolk, Virginia, and was crowned "Queen Azalea" at the international Azalea Court

SEVILLE'S HIDDEN GEM

• EUNICE WILSON •

IN front of you as you leave the sheltering wall of the tall cathedral is a wide square called the Patio de Banderas, the square of the oranges, where the sun beats down without shadow except for the little circle of shade at the foot of each orange tree. Each tree is growing in a bricked square sunk into the floor of the pavement. This is a pavement that has been here, exactly the same, since the Moors were the kings of Seville.

At the far side of the square is an arch; shaded, cool, little more than the height of a person passing through. It is called Juderia, being the entrance to the old Jewish quarter. This, the barrio de Santa Cruz as it is named, is one of the most romantic places in Spain. It was built long before the Middle Ages, long before the Jews were expelled.

Little wider than your two outstretched hands, the white walls dazzle you in the sunlight. Dripping with purple bougainvillea, they create the most magical silence there can be, for no wheeled traffic is allowed here, and the only sounds are of girls in the quiet houses practising their castanets, or a manservant singing at his work in that strange, harsh song called *flamenco*.

THE walls are broken here and there by windows encased in an iron grille called a *reja*, through which the Spanish lover must do his preliminary courting. Once the young, ardent and, of course, handsome lover did take his guitar here at night. Now, paying court to a lady-love within is a romantic scene seldom practised in this age of the radio and the cinema, for it is thought out of date. Then it used to be called *pelando la pava* or plucking the turkey.

Near the window you may catch a glimpse of a garden in the patio, also made private by a curly iron-barred door. These

Seville: the romantic Calle de la Pimienta



The Plaza de Santa Marta, near the Cathedral

gardens are havens of peace. There is often the gentle murmur of a fountain which will be surrounded by pots of tall green-leaved plants, cacti and carnations. On the walls gleaming brass or copper and the family pictures, and round the fountain the old dark wood furniture, gaily painted with flowers, that has been in the family for generations. There are balconies to the upper floors which may be draped with the embroidered glory of a bullfighter's cape or the vivid gaiety of a fringed shawl.

These patios are the gardens of the houses, the secret heart of each family where the wicker table holds glasses and a bottle of solera for the *aperitivo* before the late dinner at ten or eleven at night. Secret, private, internal rather than on the outside as our gardens are, they are full of flowers, as has been said. Gorgeous carnations in pots, truly wonderful cacti with the brightest yellow flowers, strange red—and to me unnameable—blooms, and yet other plants with tall glossy dark green leaves. Here the girls, dressed in flounced *flamenco* dresses, practise Sevillanas—dances for the coming *feria*. Or grandmother sits with her knitting, keeping an eye on the basket cradle of the latest arrived grandchild, a nest of frilled white muslin and blue satin bows.

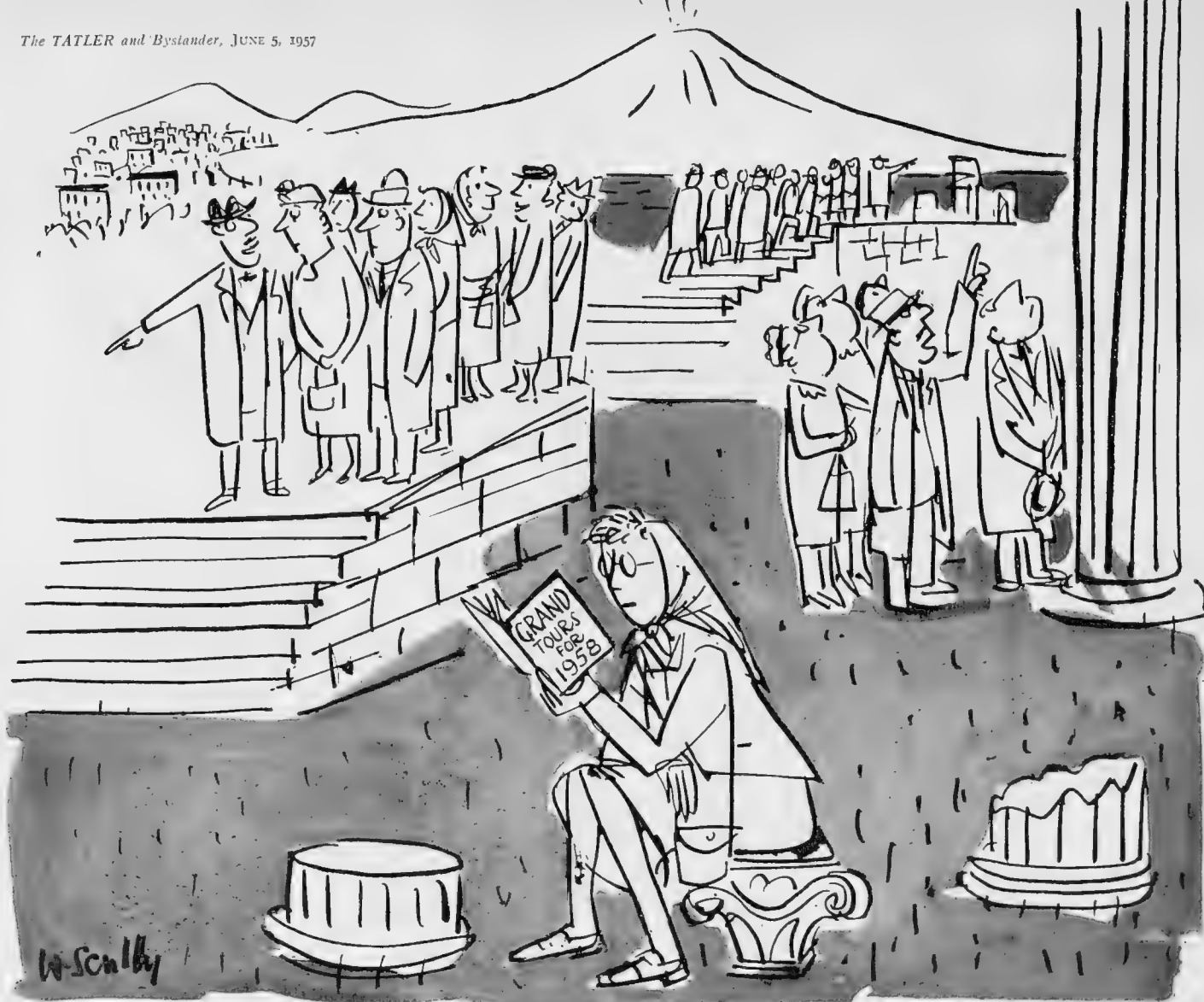
The iron-grilled door protects the patio from the street, but no one will mind you peeping through at the sun shining off the copper and brass pots hung on the wall, making a shadow of the ebony crucifix.

YOU will see that it is open to the sky at the top, and on all sides the upper floors rise as arches with white marble balustrades. At night the open square in the patio has a ceiling of stars, but there is a canvas awning that can be pulled across against too much sun or unexpected rain that may surprise the unwary.

At the side of the door high on the wall may be a mosaic of the Holy Virgin, most dear to the heart of the family, perhaps the Virgin of Hope, *La Virgen de la Esperanza*, or *Nuestra Señora de los Desamparados*, the one who looks after the friendless. And at the corner illuminating the dark street at night hangs a lamp, for there are no lamp standards in this unmodernized part of Seville.

The whole of Santa Cruz is a refreshment for the mind tired of city streets, tired of formalized "tourismo"; for here it is best to wander alone at your own pace, feeling your imagination revitalized at every corner. It satisfies the romantic in all of us—as, for that matter, does the rest of this lovely city.

I have seen the house I should like to buy if I am ever able, which is doubtful, and if it is ever empty, which is improbable. But I shall not give away its number, for everyone going to Seville would want it too.



Roundabout

THE PARADOX OF THE PROMENADES

ENGLISH summers may be what they were—though I doubt it. What is quite certain is that British summer holidaymakers aren't. Their hides have toughened, and their eyes have weakened: how else can one explain the extent to which the most delicate epidermis is exposed to the rays that were once thought so harmful, and how account, on the other hand, for the growing size and opacity of sun glasses?

We all wear clothes, now, that are lighter in weight as well as lighter in colour than those our fathers wore. A warm day in St. James's will bring men out of their clubs in tropical suits, and little underneath them, whose grandfathers, in the Indian hot weather, a century ago, wore flannel next to the skin, and a couple of layers of tweed or broadcloth over it.

Yet those grandfathers could gaze into the eye of the Bengal sun without flinching, where our own feeble generation has to protect its eyes even from the sunshine that struggles through London's smog and is reflected from nothing more dazzling than dusty streets.

ON the whole it's a pity. The beach and the seaside promenade are all the more enticing, no doubt, for the female forms now so frankly revealed, but where are the bright glances that once we knew—or looked for? Concealed behind the most impenetrable of gig-lamps.

In the days of Good King Edward the Seventh, a masher would wait to raise his ribboned boater until some pretty little thing in a straw sailor hat and a neat shirt-blouse had given him what

was widely known in those days—to the extent even of providing the title for a musical comedy—as the Glad Eye.

In our own unilluminated age there is no knowing what the orbs are up to behind those heavily tinted spectacles. And our own eyes are so heavily obscured that that dim shape on the other side of the street might as easily be Aunt Agnes as Miss Marilyn Monroe.

SUMMERS mean holidays to most people, and to most people summer holidays mean the seaside. I must confess that my own attitude towards the sea is that of the poet Gray, who wrote to a friend, almost a couple of hundred years ago, that "my health is much improved by the sea; not that I drank it, or bathed in it, as the *common people* do. No! I only walked by it and looked upon it."

Though it was a bit snobbish of a mere poet, I should have thought, to look down his nose at a summer-holiday pastime that his monarch had taken up, and in a most monarchical way.

George III had made sea-bathing fashionable on being sent by his doctor to Weymouth where (Fanny Burney records) "he had no sooner popped his Royal head under water, than a band of music, concealed in a neighbouring machine, struck up 'God Save Great George Our King.'"

I suppose that for most of us our first seaside holiday is lost in the mists of early childhood. I can remember building sand-castles and playing soft-ball cricket at Blackpool; I can even

remember a beastly little boy stealing my cricket bat, and a girl called Edwina who played with us—the only Edwina I have ever known—whom I admired to distraction when I was nine or so.

But my first holiday by the sea is too far away for recollection, whereas my first holiday abroad is vastly another matter. I was grown-up then, and I sailed in a cargo-ship, down the Manchester Ship Canal, round the north of Scotland, to Oslo.

It is an unexpected place to have chosen, I know, for one's first descent upon foreign parts, and an odd route to get there. But it was absurdly cheap—I paid seven-and-sixpence a day for my fare and my food to the captain of the little Norwegian cargo-ship in which I was the only passenger—the weather was a blaze of blue sea and sky and August sunshine; and I have had a soft spot for the bright summer-time gaiety of the Northern capitals ever since.

SEVEN-AND-SIXPENCE a day! Those were the days for hard-up holidaymakers. I remember that I took with me on that trip, or a later one, an excellent little book, *Norway On Ten Pounds*—a perfectly competent guide on how to spend ten to twelve days touring the Norwegian triangle of Oslo, Bergen and Trondheim, for ten pounds.

And it was the following year that I made my first visit to Paris—fancy having gone to Oslo before I had seen Paris!—and eating excellently for six francs a meal, *vin compris*, when the franc was three ha'pence. That was lunch—I used to do a bust at dinner-time and spend as much as twenty francs at a perfectly delightful restaurant with snowy table linen and gleaming glass and silver. My room on the Left Bank cost me half-a-crown a night: I spent a week in Paris for a fiver, and brought presents back with me, to say nothing of the two-volume *Ulysses* that was then banned in Britain.

Nowadays I haven't dared to go to Paris for the past four years, although I am frequently in France.

It isn't simply that I find Paris too expensive—it isn't all that more expensive than other European capitals, or than the rest of France. But it was in Paris that I had those ninepenny three-course luncheons, washed down with the half-bottles of wine that went with them, and the contrast is just a bit too poignant.

★ ★ ★

Six of the Salem witches, hanged in 1692, have had their conviction reversed by the Senate of the State of Massachusetts—though only after the senators had been assured that this rather belated righting of an ancient wrong would not leave them open to claims for damages from descendants of the unfortunate ladies.

This is all very well—if not particularly comforting for the poor old things themselves.

I have been wondering, though, about the cats. Surely, all witches had black cats as familiars? They were as much a part of the paraphernalia as broomsticks, and the alleged presence of a black cat was often, indeed, an important part of the case for the prosecution.



ANN WAKEFIELD as Maisie in *The Boy Friend* at Wyndham's, with Larry Drew. Miss Wakefield, the Maisie of the original Players Theatre production, has returned from two years with the play in the U.S.A., where she made a great hit on Broadway, and Canada to take over the part from Denise Hirst

It would have been a pleasant gesture, I think, for the Senate of Massachusetts to have cleared the cats in the case, too, whilst they were about it. And although the witches' descendants have been barred from taking action for damages, I don't see why the same cheeseparing attitude should be taken towards the brute creation.

It will be difficult, no doubt, to establish which proud and pampered pet, and which ruffianly alley cat, has three-hundred-year old claims under its claws. That being so, let Massachusetts open wide its purse, and declare all black cats wards of the State, with bowls of milk on every street corner; tins of sardines on Lincoln's birthday, and liver and lights for Thanksgiving. If anything's worth doing at all, it's worth doing well.

I can hear somebody objecting: how would the tabbies and tortoiseshells, the marmalade cats and the brown-pointed Siamese, know that the bowls of milk and plates of fish were strictly reserved for *black* cats? They wouldn't: that's where the fun comes in. There would be never a dull moment in the State of Massachusetts, and the Irishmen of Boston would think themselves back in the sweet, strident streets of old Kilkenny.

—Cyril Ray



BRIGGS



by Graham



Mr. Peter Barton bringing his boat Shadow over the finishing line

*The
TATLER
and
Bystander,
JUNE 5,
1957
528*



Mrs. and Major H. W. Hall with Mrs. F. C. Hewett



Lt. J. F. Glennie, Miss Anne Hobson and Miss Anne Fenton

GUSTY WEATHER MADE FINE SPORT AT LYMINGTON

THE ROYAL LYMINGTON YACHT CLUB were hosts to members of the Poole Yacht Club when the Poole club held their annual race to Lymington. Next day, in their own programme, though heavy weather checked the larger boats, much good sport was found by the smaller craft

Mrs. Richard Creagh-Osborne with Mr. R. Fortescue

Miss Patricia Daniel, Miss Jennifer Hill, Mr. A. Curtis and Mr. R. Dawking

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Bryans aboard their yacht Cheemaun





A close finish in the Finn Class, which gave a brilliant display of sailing

Victor York

*Lt. Adrian Jardine, Col. R. F. Jardine, his father,
and his twin brother, Lt. Stuart Jardine*

*Mr. D. R. Hobson, Miss Anne Fenton, Miss Anne
Hobson and Mrs. D. Hobson on the jetty*





"THE CHAIRS" (Royal Court Theatre). This, the latest of the French *avant-garde* pieces, has George Devine and Joan Plowright (above) as an old married couple within whose minds most of the action of the play passes in uproarious confusion



IN "THE APOLLO DE BELLAC" Heather Sears (right) tells everyone they are beautiful. Soon she becomes engaged to the Principal (Esme Percy, left) while really loving the man from Bellac (Richard Pasco, centre). Drawings by Glan Williams

At the Theatre

A DRAMATIC THEORY FOR THE DOG DAYS

WE should once have considered a playwright who chose to write about the loves of deaf mutes a madly reckless fellow. But what was obvious yesterday ceases mysteriously to be obvious today. M. Eugene Ionesco has become one of the brightest ornaments of the Paris *avant-garde* theatre with a series of little plays which might seem no more suitable for the stage than the loves of deaf mutes. They set out to show that communication between human beings is impossible.

It goes without saying that M. Ionesco's success has very little to do with this despondent and jabberwocky philosophy. He happens to be able to invent characters who become enormously comic by each pursuing a fixed idea with complete absorption. A fastidious man calmly and precisely directs removal men to bury him alive in his own furniture. A professor giving an eager girl pupil a lesson gradually works himself up through a frenzy of erudition to the homicide with which he has got into the habit of ending the lessons he gives. A simple family situation is presented in all its banality. One by one the threads binding the situation to humdrum reality are severed, and the characters are left hanging in the void using words that may mean something to whoever uses them, but have no meaning, or only a different meaning, to whoever hears them.

THESE jokes, brilliantly as some of them come out on small stages, are not designed to have any popular appeal. They are meant to delight or to infuriate private theatre audiences. But *The Chairs*, generally considered his best play, has been brought over to the Royal Court Theatre in the reasonable hope that it may catch the fancy of the general public. It is admirably acted by Miss Joan Plowright and Mr. George Devine. They are the old married couple in whose minds the whole, or almost the whole, of the play's action passes. They begin with a swapping of madly disconnected memories of their lives together and the laborious reconstruction of one great old joke which is completely pointless but reduces them to peals of senile laughter. The old man bemoans his failure; the old woman mothers and consoles him. Such a clever man, he might have done almost

anything! Even now it is not too late. He has a message to the world and all the people they have known or wished to know are coming to hear it read by the Public Orator.

The guests arrive, first singly and then in unmanageable droves. As they enter, invisible, more and more golden chairs are fetched, until the stage is crammed with them. They are briefly and vividly individualized by their excited hosts, some recalling illicit desires that were stopped short in time, some old loves that languished for want of the courage to carry them through, some old ambitions that were never fulfilled—all the tragi-comic episodes of futile lives. But the success of the present occasion leaves the old couple breathless. The Emperor himself arrives, creating immense sensation. Ah, if only his patronage had been earlier, what might the old man have done; and the old woman supports her husband's grievance with a crazy sprightliness that is at once terrible and touching.

AT last the Public Orator appears; and here something goes awrong with Mr. Tony Richardson's otherwise sympathetic production. The long-awaited message to the world is about to be read, and the old people with a fitting sense of climax fling themselves into the river beneath their windows. Their manifesto is never read, for the Public Orator proves to be dumb, grunting inarticulately and horribly over the words given him to read, and we are so busy trying to decide how a character in the old people's dream can exist after they are drowned that we quite fail to recognize the most familiar of all stage symbolic figures—Death. It is possible that Mr. Richardson has not bungled the scene and that the bungling may be merely one of the author's odd quirks of fancy, but the result in any case is unsatisfactory.

This interesting piece is preceded by *The Apollo de Bellac*, a rather limp fantasy by Jean Giraudoux translated by Mr. Ronald Duncan. But Miss Heather Sears is delightful as the shy girl who finds that she can make her way in the world simply by telling all the men she meets that they are beautiful.

—Anthony Cookman



"MATTY" AS A CHARMING TRAMP

A. E. MATTHEWS has returned to the London stage in "A Month Of Sundays," the new play by Gerald Savory, at the Cambridge Theatre. This delightful actor is always sure of a warm welcome from his audiences, having appeared in plays that have ranged from the pen of Somerset Maugham to that of William Douglas Home

*Photograph by
David Sim*



HORTICULTURAL SPLENDOUR AT CHELSEA

THE DUCHESS OF KENT, Princess Elizabeth of Yugoslavia and Princess Alexandra (above) were among the first visitors to the 1957 Chelsea Flower Show, held in the beautiful grounds of the Royal Hospital, where magnificent flowers, produce and gardens were on show

*Mrs. Robert Calvert and Mrs.
Cecil Boyd-Rochfort*

*Mme. Du Parc, and H.E. the
Marquis Du Parc Locmaria*

*The Hon. Hugh and Mrs.
Astor were also there*



*The Countess of Guilford and
Mrs. L. Colvin*

*Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn by
the orchids*

*Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Bullock
from New York*



*Gavin Astor and Lady Irene
standing, up from Sussex*



*Mr. W. Whittaker and Mary, Duchess
of Roxburghe*



*Mrs. Richard Gubbins was here with
Mrs. Hubert Wilson*

A landscape garden of rock plants and a waterfall, designed by Mr. Gavin Jones



THE TROPIC LINK WITH OUR RURAL SCENE

• R. S. R. FITTER •



Illustrations by Pamela Freeman

ORCHIDS are the recognized aristocrats of the plant world. Though their name conjures up visions of a hothouse or a prima donna's corsage, there are in fact more than fifty kinds growing wild in the British Isles, some of them every bit as handsome as the hothouse ones. For the increasing number of keen amateur orchidomanes, who fill in their diaries for the Wild Flower Society, or as "Bent-Hooks" paint in the illustrations of Bentham and Hooker's *Flora*, it is a red-letter day when they come across a new British orchid.

One of the rarest of all our orchids, and the only one that looks just as if it has strayed from a hothouse, is the lady's slipper, named from the shape of its handsome maroon and yellow flowers. Formerly widespread in woods in the North of England, especially near Grassington in the Yorkshire Dales, it still occurs in one or two closely guarded localities. The story is told of a mill-girl, on her firm's annual outing to the Dales, coming back with a bunch of wild flowers, in the middle of which was a lady's slipper orchid. Needless to say, she had no idea where she had picked it.

The lady orchid, a very different flower and a speciality of the Kentish woodlands, is one of that attractive group of orchids in which the lips of the flowers are shaped like a manikin or marionette, with lobes forming "arms" and "legs"; the main part of the flower makes the "head." Our three others are the man, the monkey, and the military or soldier orchid. The man orchid is one of our few yellow orchids and is also a south-eastern plant, but extends as far west as Somerset.

THE lady, military and monkey orchids are all rather alike, but whereas the lady has a dark purplish-pink "head" and a paler "body," the military and the monkey have these colours reversed. The military orchid has always been one of the prizes of the orchidomane, and the poet Jocelyn Brooke wrote his autobiography in terms of his quest for it, a quest, incidentally, which was not until last year fulfilled by the sight of a British specimen.

Ten years ago the military orchid, once common in the Chilterns and elsewhere in the south, was believed to be extinct in England. But one day in the late spring of 1947 the well-known amateur botanist, J. E. Lousley, stole away from a family picnic to startle the botanical world with his rediscovery of this rarity in a Buckinghamshire wood. Eight years later a colony of five hundred military orchids, a hundred of them with flowering spikes, was found by chance in Suffolk. At about the same time the monkey orchid, which hovered on the verge of extinction when its sole remaining Chiltern locality was ploughed up during the war, was refound in two different parts of Kent. Kent and the Chilterns are now running neck and neck in the race for orchid rarities, for the Chilterns countered the Kentish monkeys with a fine colony of red helleborines, an orchid hitherto confined to the Cotswolds.

One orchid that grows in Kent and has never certainly been found elsewhere in Britain is the late spider orchid, which favours the chalk downs around Folkestone and Wye. This is one of the remarkable "insect" group of orchids, whose flower-lips shaped and coloured like the rear view of a bee or wasp, are apparently intended to deceive male bees into thinking they have caught their lady loves unawares, pollinating the flowers in the process. The bee orchid is the commonest of the group, which includes two spider orchids, early and late, and the fly orchid. The insect that is attracted to the fly orchid is not a fly but a small wasp.

I AM often asked which is the rarest British orchid. This is a difficult question, for the answer varies from year to year. Three years ago, for instance, both the military and monkey orchids were eligible, for they then had only a single locality each. The ghost orchid or spurred coralroot has the singular habit of not flowering for several years at a stretch, so that it has only been recorded in ten years over the past hundred. At the present time I am inclined to plump for the summer lady's tresses, which David McClintock and I left out of our *Pocket Guide To Wild Flowers* because we believed it to be extinct. Since then, however, we have learned that it has in fact been seen in the New Forest in recent years, though not in its old haunts. This July-flowering orchid is often confused with the August-flowering autumn lady's tresses, which is still not uncommon and often appears on lawns. But so many discoveries are being made every year that I hope it will not be long before the summer lady's tresses loses its Blue Riband of rarity.



Tony Armstrong Jones

Débutante who has studied at the Sorbonne

MISS JOAN LAWTON, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kirk Lawton, of Parkside, Knightsbridge, will complete a holiday from studying by accompanying her parents on an American trip at the end of this year. Her coming-out dance is in London this month. Recently she completed a year in France by studying French literature and philosophy at the Sorbonne. Before this she was at a finishing school outside Paris. She enjoys swimming



MICHAEL REDGRAVE in *Time Without Pity* plays a dipsomaniac who brings his befuddled wits to bear on the problem of proving the innocence of his son (Alec McCowen) who is charged with murder. During a tense twenty-four hours, the father does all in his power to avert execution

At the Pictures

THE BIGGEST WATER-JUMP OF THEM ALL

MR. JAMES STEWART has always been mad about flying airplanes since, as a small boy, he built himself a crazy little machine and, with touching but unfounded confidence, took off in it from the roof of a house: it instantly crashed and threw Master Stewart out on his head. This, he will tell you with a delightful self-derisory grin, is probably why he still prefers to fly solo in the sort of small, intimate "crate" that can conveniently be housed in the garage.

Mr. Stewart was obviously the ideal actor to play Mr. Charles A. Lindbergh in *The Spirit Of St. Louis*—Mr. Billy Wilder's brilliantly directed account of the first solo non-stop flight from New York to Paris, thirty years ago. The young Mr. Lindbergh was as passionately addicted to flying as Mr. Stewart. Having acquired a rickety old aircraft, for which he gave his motor cycle in part payment, he, too, darn nearly killed himself.

His appetite for adventure apparently whetted, he joined an aerial circus as a wing-walker—which is not, as you might suppose, an interesting ornithological specimen but one of the foolhardy chaps who pranced about on top of a swaying airborne biplane to give the gaping crowds below a thrill. He had accepted, and regrettably lost, a job delivering air mail at the time when he heard that a prize of 25,000 dollars was being offered for the first non-stop transatlantic flight.

THE penniless aviator's struggles to raise the necessary finance to compete are convincingly presented in the film, and the building of the specially designed plane, *The Spirit Of St. Louis*, has a distinct fascination—but it is with the 33½-hour flight itself that Mr. Billy Wilder is chiefly concerned, and he has contrived to maintain excitement and create increasing tension all the way. Since we all know what the outcome was to be, this, I think you will agree, is no mean achievement.

Mr. Stewart, grimly taking off at dawn from a rain-sodden runway, chatting to a bold fly that for a while shares the cramped cockpit with him, recalling (to break a monotony that is mercifully never communicated to the audience) incidents from

his past life, and, above all, fighting against the sleep that spells death, gives a splendid performance. Apart from one slight smudge of sentimentality involving a St. Christopher medallion the film is a shiningly unsentimental record of a magnificent feat, soberly essayed and carried out with courage and unusual modesty.

BUSTER KEATON, the unsmiling comic genius with the pure, pale face of a grave young curate, was one of my top-favourites in the middle 1920s. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to see him again in *The Navigator* or that absolute gem, *The General*. Nothing could have made me sadder than to see *The Buster Keaton Story*—an allegedly biographical film in which Mr. Donald O'Connor has been cast as Mr. Keaton.

Mr. O'Connor is a versatile and talented young comedian who can throw away a line with the best of them. He wears the flat Keaton hat at the right Keaton angle and takes falls with all the agility of the acrobat Mr. Keaton once was—but he is not our dead-pan darling of the silent days. There is a liveliness in his eyes—not the fishlike coldness we remember. He seems to be for ever repressing a natural volubility—whereas it appeared likely that Mr. Keaton never uttered a word, even in private life. If Messrs. Paramount wanted Mr. Keaton, they should have got Mr. Keaton.

The story is a melancholy one of a wonderful career destroyed by the advent of "talkies" and a despair-induced addiction to the bottle. Mr. Peter Lorre is convincingly beastly as a film director who sadistically enjoyed treading on a fallen star, Miss Ann Blyth is utterly unreal as the gallant little woman who married Mr. Keaton (what a misery that is shown to have been) and eventually partnered him in a vaudeville act in which he is still trying to arouse echoes of bygone laughter. One way and another, a depressing little piece.

Excellentlly directed by Mr. Robert Mulligan, *Fear Strikes Out* is founded on the autobiography of an outstanding baseball



DIANA DORS turns would-be husband killer in *The Unholy Wife*. Married to a Californian wine grower (Rod Steiger), she rebels against the quiet respectability of their home, and finds her dabblings in homicide avenged by an ironic twist of fate

player, Mr. James A. Piersall—as whom Mr. Anthony Perkins gives one of the most impressive and, I must say, alarming performances I have ever seen.

Mr. Karl Malden, as Mr. Piersall senior, loves his son James (Mr. Perkins), and dedicates himself to making him the greatest ball-player ever. His son's success will compensate him for his own frustrations—will realize for him his haunting, unfulfilled ambition. He coaches the boy, urges him on to more concentrated effort, perpetually criticizes, withholds praise and demands perfection.

Under the strain of trying to satisfy the insatiable father to whom he is utterly devoted, James goes to pieces. Mr. Perkins, dark eyes pregnant with anxiety, every fibre of him tortured by a sense of awful responsibility, unnerves one with his suggestion of impending disaster—but when it really happens and, like a demented animal, he literally climbs up the metal wall of the ball-park, one feels no hatred for the insensitive parent who had so unbalanced him.

ADAM WILLIAMS, as the psychiatrist to whom James Piersall was entrusted, is calm, patient and understanding: no film, I think, has previously tackled with such complete insight the gradual drawing back of a storm-tossed, ship-wrecked mind to the shores of sanity. Only a very brave man, as this ball-player-author must be, could have faced up to the facts of his mental breakdown and recounted them with, so obviously, rancour towards none.

The beauty of Mr. Malden's performance is that he makes the father totally unaware of his own subconscious motives—which are selfish in the extreme. The beauty of Mr. Perkins's performance is that he can make you believe in a filial love that, despite a squalid, modern background, has the Biblical quality of charity—which suffereth all things and is kind.

This is not a comfortable film to sit through—but if you can take a thoroughly human document, it is the film for you. I first glimpsed Mr. Perkins in *Friendly Persuasion* and was sufficiently convinced of his talent to prophesy he was heading for stardom. He has made it, and—no crazy mixed-up kid he—will stay there, I'll be bound.

—Elspeth Grant



Ronald Pilgrim

ANNA NEAGLE, who has played Florence Nightingale and Edith Cavell, once more portrays a member of the nursing profession in *No Time For Tears*. In this film Miss Neagle is cast as the matron of a children's hospital. *No Time For Tears* was shot at Elstree where Miss Neagle was also supervising filming of *These Dangerous Years*, her first independent production

Book Reviews

THE HISS OF THE SWORD

PETER FLEMING's **Invasion 1940** (Rupert Hart-Davis, 25s.) rings a particular bell at this time of year. Who of us, of an age to remember, can watch the lilac out and the roses in, without a returning flash of association? "Tense and strangely exhilarating," the author calls one summer of history, and rightly. He opens thus: "In the summer of 1940 the Germans prepared to launch, and the British to repel, an invasion of England. In this book these preparations are described and placed in relation to one another."

We did not know the half. Now, seventeen years later, Mr. Fleming by no means claims to reveal the whole. One or two of his reasons for not doing so he indicates; others are self-evident. Nonetheless, as it stands, *Invasion 1940* will be to the average citizen a retrospective eye-opener. There is a fascination in this piecing together of memories and documents, orders and cancellations, rumours and secrets, myths and facts. Those drawn, as many are, from the German side, supply what was missing on our own. And also, under the author's hand, the sorted out pieces, like those of a jigsaw puzzle, interlock: slowly but surely the picture forms.

MUCH of the interest is psychological. What lay at the root of Hitler's infirmity of purpose—an infirmity visible even then? What accounted not only for the high-heartedness, but one might almost say light-heartedness of British reaction to the threat—so that, in spite of an atmosphere of recurrent "scares," wonderfully few people were really frightened? The British, Mr. Fleming suggests, at once envisaged invasion as more than likely, and never really believed that it would happen: on what was their scepticism based? On the German home front, did eager interest attach to their Leader's promise, and if not, why not? How little or great, if indeed any, was Hitler's loss of face when the promise lapsed?

Mr. Fleming's discussions of the above questions amount, one may consider, to answers to them. The factor of isolation, the force of myth and (with the British) the carry-over of centuries of immunity were, he demonstrates, powerful. His account of the German military machine in 1940, of the staggers caused by it by its sheer velocity and predicaments brought about by its very victories, furnish no less (for some of us, still more) enlightening pages in this book.

THAT Hitler, with his passion for individual contacts and single interviews, played his army, navy and air force against each other, thereby not only creating bad blood but making full, effective combined operation wellnigh impossible, now probably is computed. But the blight this cast on the planning of Operation Sea Lion, and might have cast upon its carrying out, has remained for Mr. Fleming fully to show.

The chain of command, downward from Hitler to OKW, downward and outward from OKW to the parallel OKM, OKH and OKL, with a separate diagonal off from OKW to the Abwehr (Secret Intelligence Service) is clarified in a diagram at the end. I advise the reader to find this diagram early and keep his thumb in it: here's a valuable key to the chapters on Nazi operational planning, its flaws, hitches, lacunae and dislocations.

That potential invaders and potential defenders, facing each other across some few miles of Channel, should have been in so total an ignorance of each other must seem amazing. From shelled Dover, on clear days, one could read the time on the Calais clock—but who could read the intention in the enemy mind? From air reconnaissance we gained a complex, sometimes contradictory picture. German intelligence as to us was, in general, wildly out of the true—such spies as were dropped or landed on to our shores having been, poor things, as egregious as they were ill-fated.



A SPECIAL ALBUM of photographs published by "Photo-Monde" on the 10th anniversary of U.N., from which this picture comes, is distributed here by Rodney House, 12s. 6d.

A NEW NOVEL by Andrew Graham, "The Club" (Macmillan, 15s.), handles amusingly that most English institution, Clubland. Below, an Osbert Lancaster illustration





SIR WILLIAM REID DICK with the bust of the late King George VI. The work was commissioned by the Queen and will stand in Crathie Church, near Balmoral, where the Royal Family worships

MARK BATTEN has contributed to the Studio's "How To Do It" series with "Stone Sculpture By Direct Carving" (25s.). Our picture is of the author's "The Diogenist" in Hopton-wood stone

If there was a considerable streak of unrealism—or, should we say, an imperfect grasp of reality?—in the British courage, there was deeply-implanted fantasy in the German confidence. Hitler's misconceiving of the situation, after the fall of France, was both his first big error and his long-term undoing.

Our defence preparations come in for study. Mr. Fleming, though he acknowledges debts to our by now considerable body of Home Front and "finest hour" literature, avoids going over any same ground twice. He presents existing material in a further light. . . . *Invasion 1940* is eloquently illustrated with photographs, reproductions of documents, cartoons and drawings. The late and well-beloved Pont, of *Punch*, was, certainly, an outstanding portraitist of *le phlegme britannique*!

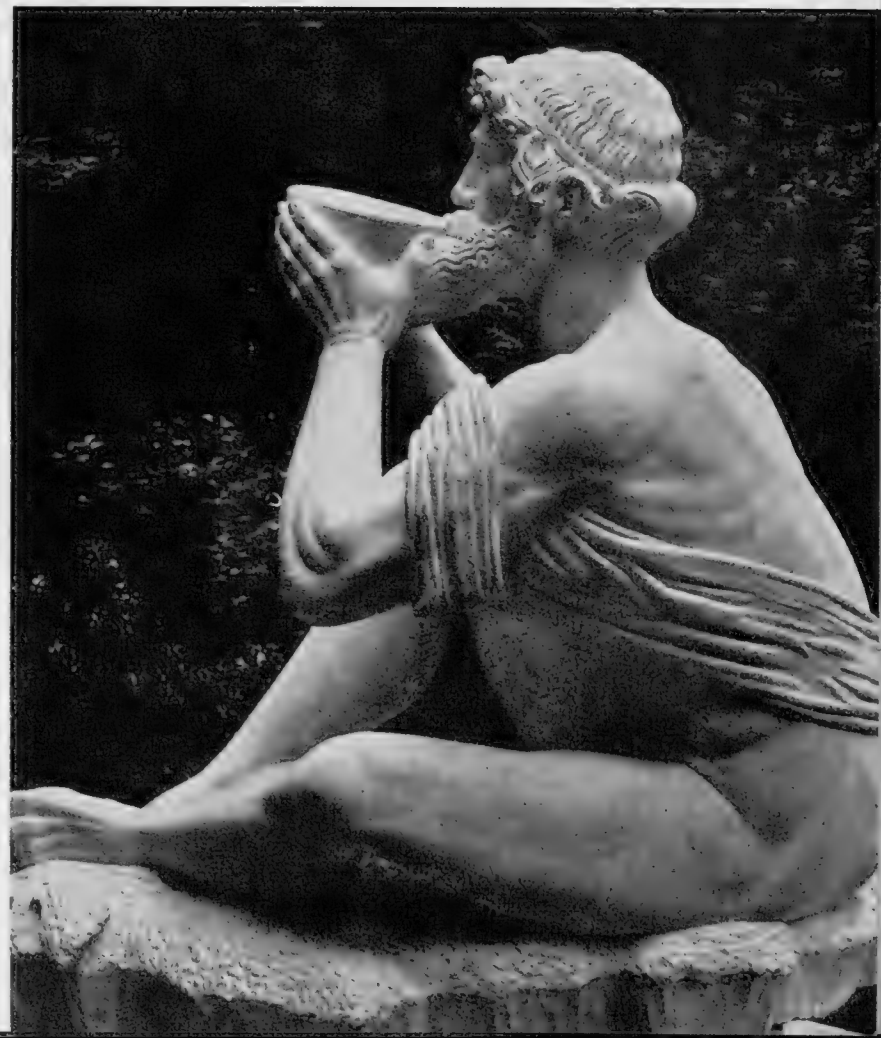
★ ★ ★

THREE studies of monastic life in *A Time To Keep Silence*, by Patrick Leigh Fermor (John Murray, 15s.) are mysterious, to the point of being forbidding, to the outside world. This book, written by a layman for other laymen, could hardly I think be better of its kind. Here Mr. Leigh Fermor, by vocation a traveller, crosses non-geographic frontiers—viewing, if only from their margins, regions of the soul. He spent time, as a guest, in the Benedictine Abbey of St. Wandrille, the Abbey of Solesmes, and the Cistercian Monastery of La Grande Trappe, all in France; he visited and explored the phantasmagoric, now long-deserted Rock Monasteries of Cappadocia, which make so powerful an appeal to the historical sense.

Imagination, and respectful susceptibility, make possible this interpretation of dedicated existence. The control and lucidity of the author's prose make evident his innate feeling for discipline—though, still, how livingly beautiful his descriptions are! Indeed, he is a master of prose.

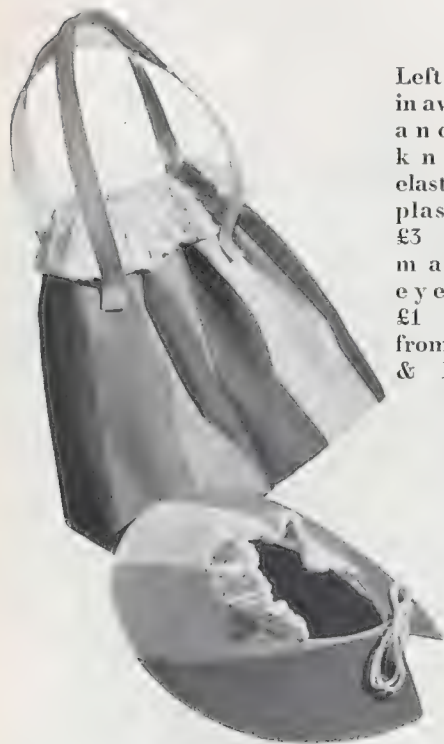
Britain has, he considers, suffered a loss in the destruction, at the time of the Reformation, of so many of these spiritual fortresses, which now "emerge in the fields like the peaks of a vanished Atlantis drowned four centuries deep." Joan Eyre Monsell's photographs of the Rock Monasteries feature what look like scenes on the moon.

—Elizabeth Bowen



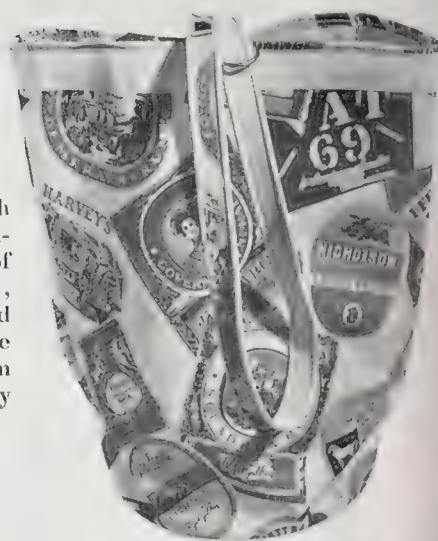


Beach towel (right), striped red, blue, white and green, in three sizes, 15s. 9d., 21s. and 22s. 6d. The other, of star design, costs £1 16s. 9d. Debenham & Freebody



Left: Beach bag in awning stripes and hand-knitting, elasticated top, plastic lining, £3 9s. 6d., matching eye shade, £1 19s. 6d., from Debenham & Freebody

This sling beach bag, with its convivial design of bottle labels, costs £1 12s., and is now obtainable from Debenham & Freebody



Below: Canvas beach or garden shoes, gaily embroidered on the toes, are obtainable in sizes from 3½ to 8, £1 5s. 6d. a pair. From Debenham & Freebody



SUN-SOAKED days on the beach, whether you take your holiday in Brighton or Biarritz, provide an excellent opportunity for using gaily Continental accessories, beach shoes, and bags, straw hats and bright towelling, all of which add greatly to the festive spirit — JEAN CLELAND

Finding a good place in the



Dennis Smith

Multi-coloured towelling stole (top left), £3 12s. 6d., Marshall and Snelgrove; harlequin beach hat (top centre), £6, Simpson, Piccadilly. Yellow straw hat (top right), £5 5s., red and white pucci straw bag (centre), £5 5s., Woollands. White straw hat with red pompons, £2 12s. 6d., Simpsons, red straw beach hat (left), £1 1s., Marshall and Snelgrove, blue and red towelling mules, £1 1s., Woollands, blue beach bag and pillow (bottom left), £16 16s., Simpsons. Centre: Pucci gold sandals, £5 5s., Woollands; winged sun glasses, £2 7s. 6d., striped frames, £1 1s., and imitation bamboo frames, £1 1s., all from Marshall and Snelgrove. Silk scarf (right), £6 6s., Woollands

sun this summer



Michel Molinar

A GOLD THAT GLISTERS

THIS perfectly tailored and fitted suit by Matita is made in a champagne coloured golden brocaded cotton. The jacket has soft revers, gold buttons and sleeves that reach to just above the wrist. It is priced at 24 guineas, and is obtainable from Woollands of Knightsbridge. Worn with the suit is a picture hat in fine golden straw crowned with roses and violets, by Madame Vernier. The elegant threequarter-length gloves are by Pinkham

Summer Song

NEWS in fashion this summer for the classic suit is now in the variety of light-weight fabrics in silk or wool, as shown on these two pages. The formal silk look in the Palace of Versailles (opposite) contrasts with the gabardine look (below)

Fashions by Isobel
Vicomtesse d'Orthez



RIGHT: Edward Allen's suit in sage green pure worsted material has a tapered skirt and fitted, three-button jacket with rounded pocket line, price 25 gns. at Debenham & Freebody, and Williams & Cox at Torquay. White straw hat, mink stole and gloves from Debenham & Freebody



LEFT: This simple but very sophisticated suit by Windsmoor made in gleaming copper-coloured Terylene and worsted metalasse costs 19 gns. from Bourne and Hollingsworth. Below right: Rima's narrow sheath dress in silver-grey jacquard, has belted overblouse in orange chiffon, approx. 30 gns., Anne Gerrard

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Printed, patterned and beflowered

RIGHT: Floral printed pure silk dress and coat in blues, mauves and pinks. Ideal for Ascot, it costs 57 gns. and comes with the hat from Fortnum & Mason. Below left: Rima's peacock blue and black printed silk dress and tailored coat in peacock-blue satin, 61½ gns., from Fortnum & Mason



Michel Molinare





Michel Molinare

LEFT: A slender dress in lime green and white printed cotton by Marcus; approx. 8 guineas at Violet Yorke, Baker Street. Below left: This chemise-top dress in navy worsted is from a three-piece made by Rima, which costs 50 guineas at Harvey Nichols. These photographs were taken in the flat of Mr. W. Ropner

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From the afternoon to dusk and after

BELOW RIGHT: Soft and feminine separates in chiffon by Henri Gowns; the blouse in pale lilac is approx. 8 guineas; the gathered skirt in a deeper shade of the same colour, approx 8½ guineas from Finnigans. Right: A short evening dress in pale baby-blue chiffon by Frank Usher, 20 guineas at Harvey Nichols





CHOICE
FOR
THE
WEEK



John Adriaan

FROM Jenners, of Edinburgh, comes a versatile three-piece playsuit in a blue, pink and black print on a white ground, that will take you from the sea to the cocktail bar; The swimsuit is all Lastex, and very well cut.

IN THE PLAYGROUNDS OF SUMMER

The full cotton skirt of the three-piece has a waistband edged in black and fits snugly over the halter-neck sun top. This outfit—an ideal choice for those planning a holiday wardrobe—is £14 5s. the set, at Jenners





Beauty

The lady's not for burning

IF there is anything more gloriously satisfying than to lie full length on the beach, with the sun blazing down from above, the warm sand beneath one's back, and the cool sound of the sea giving promise of a refreshing bathe to come, I have yet to know of it. On the other hand, should the temptation to linger too long without protecting the skin prevail, there is a sad sequel to this happy picture. Comfort is replaced by acute discomfort, and if there is anything more painful than a sun-burned skin, I have yet to know of that too.

In spite of repeated warnings, people still get deceived by the sun. They yield to its blandishments, forgetting that within its soothing and seemingly gentle warmth there are burning rays that are very treacherous. Thank goodness, through the medium of creams, oils and lotions, modern science has found a way to filter out these harmful rays, and allow us to sun-bathe in safety. To neglect to use them is asking for trouble, and it is unlikely that you will have to ask twice.

LET all of us therefore, who are about to go on holiday, consider the preparations that add to our comfort, and keep our looks in fine fettle. Before making a purchase, it is important to remember that there are many different kinds from which to make a choice. You may prefer an emulsion to a cream, or a lotion to an oil. Vice versa, you may be one of those who find oil more soothing. If this is so, do not make the mistake of a young friend of mine, who was under the impression that *any* oil would do. The result of the one she used at random—taken I believe, from the larder—was disastrous. She did more than bake, she fried!

Something else to be taken into consideration is whether you want to *prevent* the skin getting brown, or whether you just want to *protect* it from getting burnt while allowing it to gently tan. There are preparations which do both, and two of the very newest come from Guerlain. The first is called "Anti-Freckle Cream." This is designed to prevent freckles *and* sunburn, and if freckles are your trouble, the sooner you start using it the better, as this is a case when prevention is easier than cure. The second is called "Sun Cream," and works in the opposite way. It actually promotes a natural sun tan, but prevents burning.

TWO other very useful preparations are Helena Rubinstein's "Sun Tonic," which is a rich emulsion, and Elizabeth Arden's "Sunpruf Cream," a light, fluffy, vanishing type of cream. Both of these can be used in two ways. Applied lavishly they prevent sun tan; used lightly, they encourage it. So, if you cannot make up your mind how you want to look until you actually arrive at your holiday resort, these would be a good choice, since they cater for and against.

Three very excellent sun oils come from Helena Rubinstein (Sun Tan Oil), Elizabeth Arden (Sun Tan Oil), and Nivea (Sunning Oil). The latter can be had in an ordinary bottle, or



Dennis Smith

Before exposure to the sun, the skin must be protected by oil, lotion or cream which will safely promote or discourage tanning according to preference.

in a special "Sunspray" container from which it can be sprayed on, which is a very convenient and economical way of using preparation of this kind. The same thing applies to Elizabeth Arden's "Sun Tan Lotion," which, in a smart aerosol container, is non-sticky and non-oily. This, too, has a protective ingredient but helps to promote an even tan, and it will not wash off in salt water.

For a skin that is dry, Elizabeth Arden makes a special "Sun Gelee", which gives many hours of protection against either sun or strong wind. It counteracts the drying effects of both, as well as guarding against burning. Those who like a shiny look on holiday can use this without powder.

Something else which should prove a boon for a dry skin is a new soap by Bronnley. This is called "Pre Make-up Soap," and contains such nutritive ingredients as malt, lanolin and avocado pears. The malt ensures a rich lather, the lanolin gives nourishment, and the avocado pears help to make the skin soft.

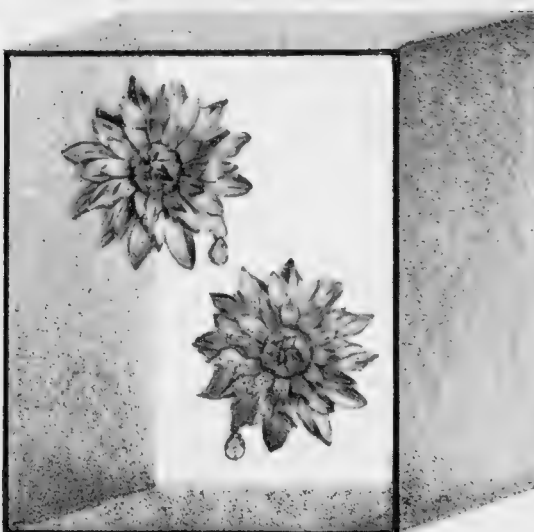
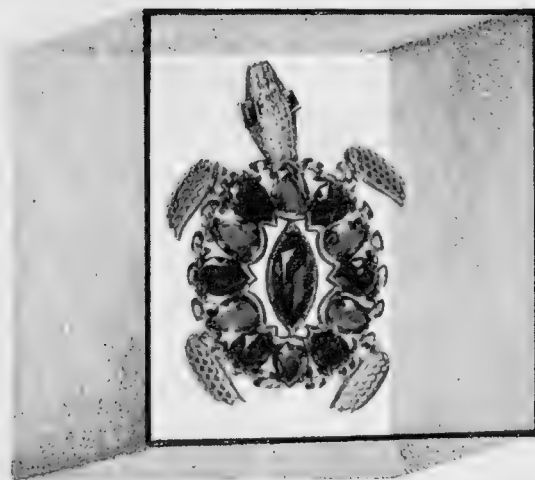
—Jean Cleland



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adds special ingredients that cream your legs to satin softness. All this, and the scent of roses too. Ask for NUDIT for the LEGS at chemists and good-class stores, 10/6.

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Fayer

The Hon. Sarah Erskine, elder daughter of Lord and Lady Erskine, of The Manor, Bourton-on-the-Water, Glos, is to marry Mr. Norman Neill Fraser, of Walton Street, S.W.3, eldest son of the late Major W. Neill Fraser and of Mrs. C. Neill Fraser, Portobello, Middlethian

THEY ARE ENGAGED



Yevonde

Miss Susanna Bray, only daughter of Mr. George H. Bray, C.B.E., and Mrs. Bray, of Dilwyn, Hereford, has announced her engagement to Mr. Bruce Munro, eldest son of Mr. J. B. L. Munro, C.M.G., and Mrs. Munro, of Kensington



Passant

Miss Carolyn Fort, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Fort, of Cheyne Court, S.W.3, is engaged to Capt. R. de la Hey, Grenadier Guards, elder son of the late Major C. J. O. de la Hey and of Mrs. W. Cripps, of Stratton Place, Cirencester



Pearl Freeman

Mlle. Irene Jocelyne Angele Everts, daughter of the late M. Robert Everts, Ambassadeur de Belgique, and of Mme. Everts, of Brussels, is to marry Mr. Donald Arthur Logan, son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur A. Logan, of Sidcup, Kent



Fayer

Miss Verena St. George Carey, who is the only daughter of Col. L. M. St. George Carey, T.D., and Mrs. St. George Carey, of Southcombe Farm, Piddletrenthide, Dorset, announced her engagement to Mr. Charles Massey, of Chelsea



Petch—Johnson. Mr. John A. Petch, son of the late Mr. A. Petch, and of Mrs. T. Marks, of Johannesburg, S.A., married Miss G. E. Johnson, daughter of the late Mr. M. Johnson, and of Mrs. Adrienne Johnson, at Killiney Church, Ballybrack, Co. Dublin

Rex Roberts

RECENTLY MARRIED

Wildman—Cunliffe. Mr. Frederick Starr Wildman, son of Col. and Mrs. Frederick Wildman, of New York and Connecticut, U.S.A., married the Hon. Corinna Cunliffe, younger daughter of Lord Cunliffe, of Carlos Place, and Joan Lady Cunliffe, of Malvern Ct., S.W.7, at Grosvenor Chapel

E. C. Webb



Palmer—Bacon. The Hon. Edward Roundell Palmer, son of the Earl and Countess of Selborne, of Alton, Hants, married Miss Joanna Bacon, daughter of Sir Edward Bacon, Bt., of Ravensingham Hall, Norfolk, at the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Norwich



James G. Macguire

Gregg—MacMahon. Mr. James V. Gregg, son of Sir Cornelius and Lady Gregg, of Bushy Park Road, Rathgar, Dublin, married Miss Catherine B. MacMahon, daughter of the late Dr. A. D. MacMahon, and of Mrs. E. MacMahon, of Bushy Park Road, Rathgar, at St. Joseph's Church, Terenure, Dublin

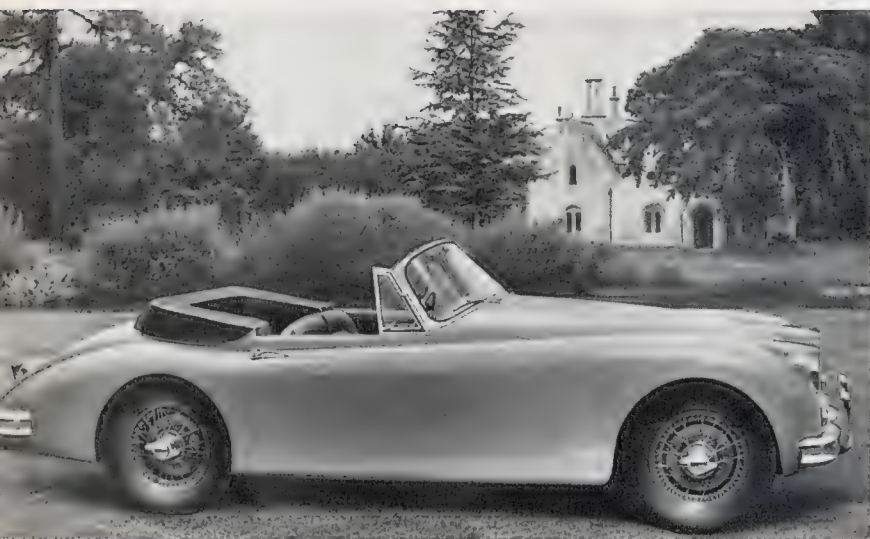
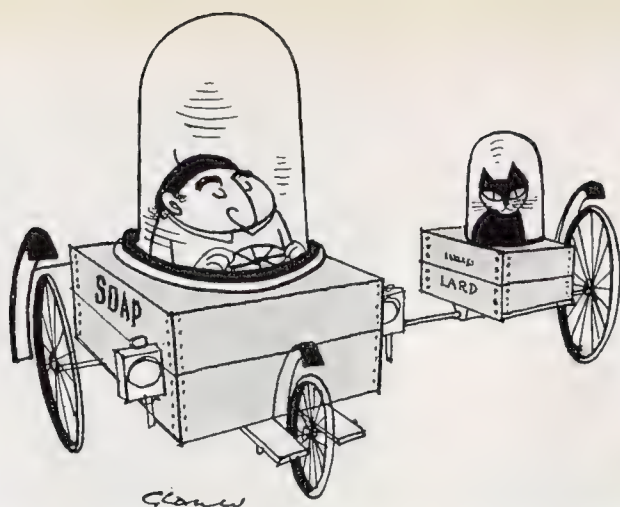


Sharpe—Coleman. Mr. Gerald C. Sharpe, Queen's Royal Regiment, son of Mr. Gerald H. Sharpe, of Charlwood, and the late Mrs. Sharpe, was married to Miss Geraldine Mary Coleman, twin daughter of Cdr. and Mrs. Coleman, of Dartmouth Row, S.E.10, at the Church of St. Olave's, City of London

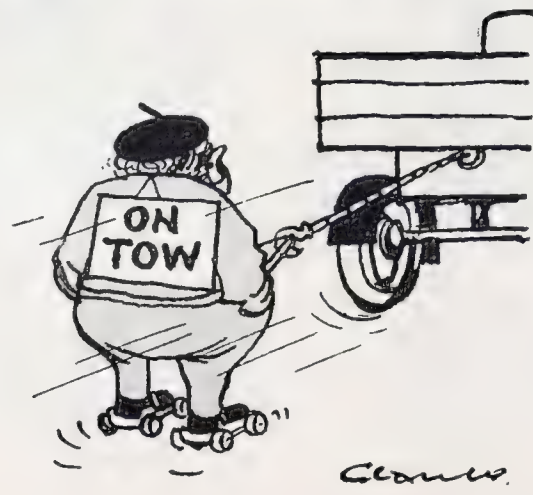


Yevonde

Roberts—Whitbread. Capt. Michael E. Roberts, son of the late Mr. Edwin Roberts, and of Mrs. Wood, of Dean, Oak Lane, Leigh, Surrey, married Miss Anne Whitbread, daughter of Lt.-Col. L. W. Whitbread, O.B.E., and Mrs. Whitbread, of Abbott's Ann, Hants, at Brompton Oratory



THE NEW JAGUAR XK150 is the first sports car to be produced in quantity with Dunlop disc brakes on all four wheels. The car is available in a drophead and fixed head coupe. The speed is over 130 m.p.h. Its cost is around £1,760



Motoring

DRIVE WITH TOLERATION

IN spite of the destructive activities of so many official bodies, there remain in England many villages which are still villages in the older tradition. They will receive many visitors during these present weeks of midsummer motoring. They have narrow, winding streets and they have the typical village accessories; the village idiot, the antique members of the community moving towards their hundredth year, the almost equally old dogs. And when we drive through such villages we must remember that they are not "geared" (horrid phrase) to modern conditions.

So the old dog lies in the middle of the village street for his afternoon siesta; the village idiot blunders round blind corners pushing a wheelbarrow; the old women and old men totter about the part of their village which they will never learn to know as a "carriageway." Drivers must extend toleration to these old villages and their inhabitants. They are delightful places and we all love them. But they are not "geared" (I have to use it again) to modern traffic.

Nor is there any way of warning motorists that they are going through an old-world village. You cannot put up a sign to say that within the next half-mile there may be an old dog sleeping in the middle of the road and a village idiot at the corner. Toleration, and recognition of the small signs that indicate the kind of place you are approaching, are the sole safeguards.

HERE is that energetic, persistent body, the British Road Federation, once again making a good point about the failure of successive governments to do enough road building. The Federation extracts from the Economic Survey of Europe, 1956, some shattering facts and figures. Among Western European countries, for instance, the United Kingdom is ranked lowest in the amount which has been invested in all forms of transport and communications. The outstanding neglect is to be found in the development of the road network.

In the 1953-55 period the average amount of resources of the fourteen countries listed which was devoted to capital expenditure on roads was nine times that of the United Kingdom. To equal the investment across the Channel, the Federation tells us, would require an expenditure on new roads and major improvement of over £60 million a year.

And here is the Federation's comment upon the Park Lane Marble Arch and Hyde Park scheme. "This project," it says, "has been talked and argued about for years and years. Nevertheless, when Mr. Watkinson was asked about actual construction he said he did not know when it would be started and added, 'I do not expect to see very dramatic progress.'"

A TRIBUTE to the enthusiasm which a good motor car can inspire is *Maintaining The Breed* by John Thornley. It tells the story of the M.G. racing cars and was first published in 1950. There was a reprint in 1951 and now there is this revised edition. It is a well-documented, readable account. It contains that fantastic story of the United States customs authorities and the special M.G. fuel which they decided to make dutiable on the grounds that it was "potable alcohol!" There are many good half-tone illustrations and some line drawings. The price is 25s. and the publishers are the Motor Racing Publications, Ltd.

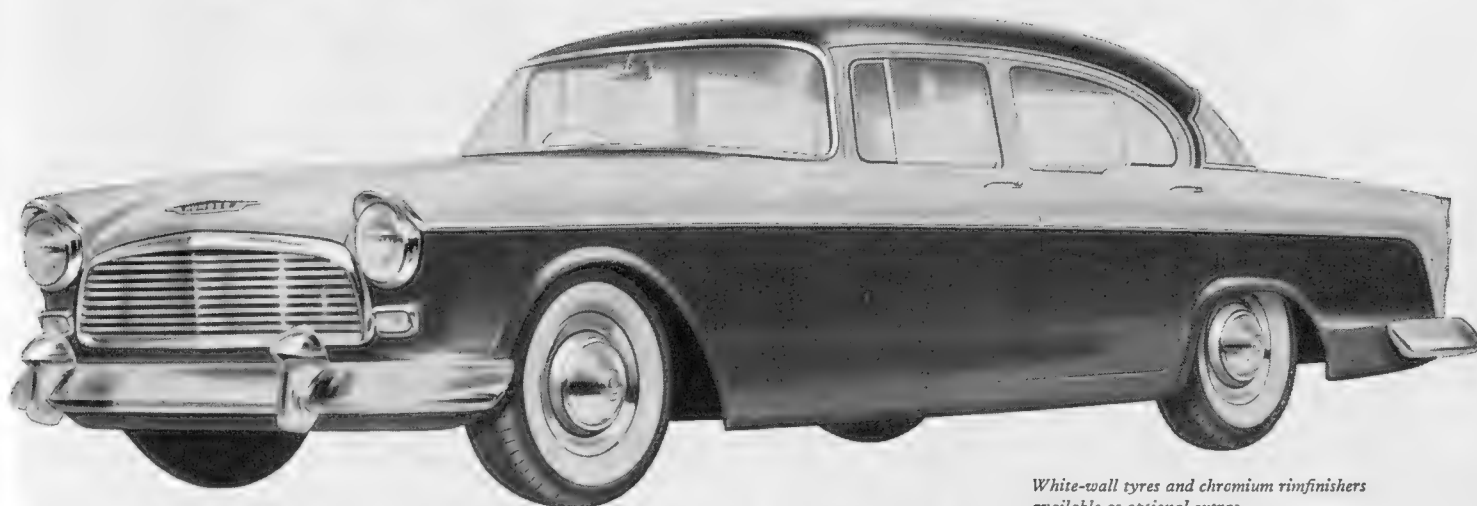
ONCE again the R.A.C.'s statistical summary of the defects that hold up motorists on the road and cause them to ask for help, has put electrical equipment at the head of the list of trouble makers. In 1955, when the R.A.C. was called out to help motorists, 29.2 per cent of them were held up with electrical trouble. Last year the figure was 30.7 per cent.

Starters come into the picture here and are likely to do so still more in the future; for, with some automatic transmissions, it is difficult to obtain a start at all if the ordinary electric starter fails.

It is right that the starting handle should be discarded. But I still maintain that, in an expensive car, there should be a means of turning the engine without using the electric starter.

—**Oliver Stewart**

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More M.P.G. – and Greater Safety!**



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Greatly improved power unit High power/weight ratio assists the famous—and now *improved* Humber 4-cylinder engine to deliver an *even more exciting* and *velvet-smooth* performance. Increased M.P.G. puts the new Hawk completely in tune with the times.

In each of its distinctive single or two-tone colour treatments, in every flowing line and contour, the new Hawk blends advanced styling with traditional Humber dignity and reliability.

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Ivon de Wynter

J. BARNEY LABANYI is the Hungarian-born general manager of London Airport catering. During thirty-two years in the business he has been at the Potomac, which later became the Society Restaurant, the Garter Club, Ciro's, and the Criterion Grill (à la Broche)

DINING OUT

Channel packet

As people will be crossing the Channel in droves at this time of the year, here is some more news about a holiday which I have just concluded.

Crossing the Channel both ways on the British Railways Car Ferry, the Dinard, was a great success. It may not be as up-to-date as the Lord Warden and some other ships which are being built, but the car was on and off like a flash and the whole trip was extremely comfortable, the personnel on board from Capt. McConnell downwards being gay, friendly and efficient. For the additional sum of £1 you can have a cabin which, if it is rough, is a godsend for you or your companion if you are bad sailors, because you can lie down in comfort before the nonsense starts and cross over in peace; in any case it's a luxury well worth £1.

I tried the lunch and found it excellent for quality and value: soup, filled lamb chop, chips and peas, and Camembert in good condition, for 7s. 6d., with half a bottle of Meursault, slightly chilled, for 5s. 6d., and most refreshing.

In Rheims I went round the caves of Champagne St. Marceaux with Alan Mialhe, son of the owner, and M. Kersh, who has been their *f du caves* for over twenty years.

For light in the cellars we used long slats of wood which had a candle holder at the end. If you wished to stop and examine a bottle, all you had to do was to put the handle among the other bottles and your examination remained static. I was so intrigued with this that they presented me with one to take home to my bar in England, suitably photographed by the directors.

In the despatch shed I noticed fifty cases of St. Marceaux destined for the Vatican City, which reminded me of the famous picture of the Cardinals in their scarlet robes toasting the chef after some fine feast which he had prepared.

They also presented me with a case containing six quarter bottles for *le picnic en route*, which were consumed with delight, in spite of large notices at intervals along the road saying "Securité-Sobriété" reminding you not to "stop and have one" too often.

So far as sending postcards to one's friends is concerned, I found an excellent method of saving money as postcards in France cost about twenty-five francs apiece. In the foyer of the Hotel de la Poste at Beaune I found immense stocks of postcards showing an interior view of the spit grill at that famous restaurant, the Coq d'Or, in Stratton Street, London, and promptly purloined a hundred, which saved me 2,500 francs. I only hope that one hundred people in England wondering why I should send a postcard from France of the Coq d'Or in London will compensate Mr. Sartori for one person using up most of the available stock at the Hotel de la Poste in Burgundy.

The Hotel de la Poste has been in the Chevillot family for over fifty years, the original stage coach *relais* being turned into a first-class hotel by the present owner Marc Chevillot's grandfather, Victor Chevillot, in 1904, who had the remarkable distinction of being a chef for sixty-three years.

As I have mentioned, Marc is his own chef and for three days we wallowed in such delights as *Écrevisses à la Crème*; *Brochet au Corton Beurre Blanc*; *Poulet au Chambertin* and *Ris de Veau Braisé au Meursault*

—I. Bickerstaff



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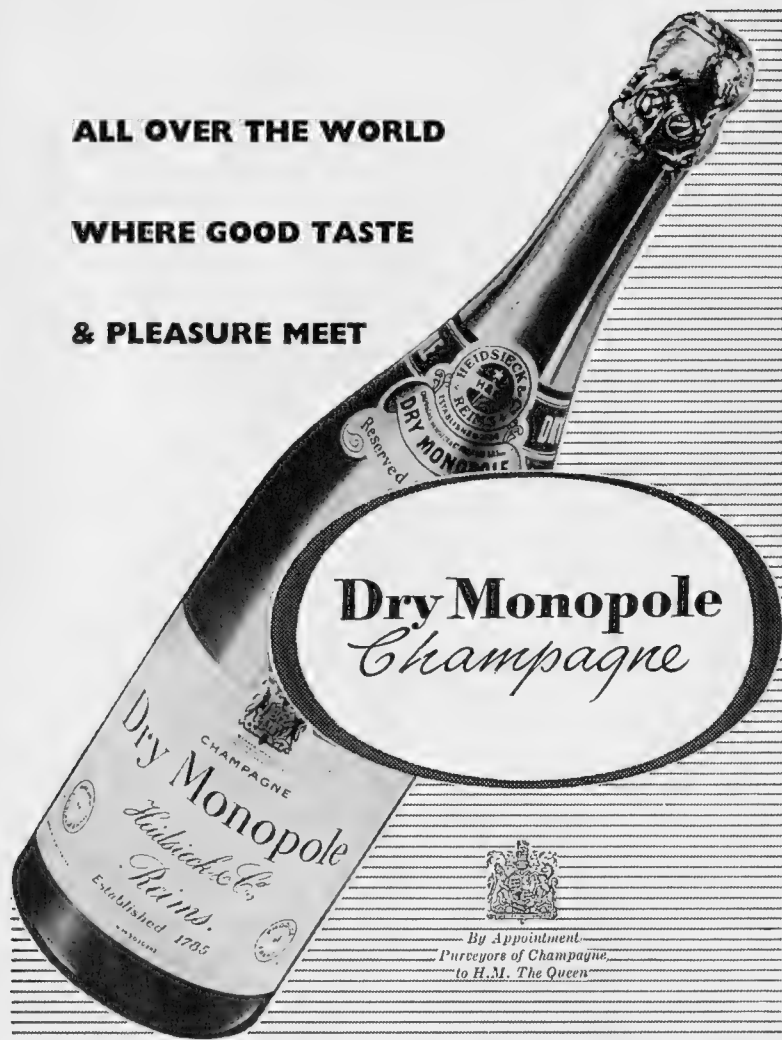
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DINING IN

Cool to the tongue

Helen Burke



COLD meals have boomed in the past few years—mainly, I believe, because women who formerly would not have cooked do so now for the simple reason that they have no way of getting someone to do the job efficiently for them. And cold dishes, which are prepared in advance, mean that the hostess-cook need not absent herself from her guests and family.

Trotterelle de Fiume in Caprione—which is simply soured trout under a much more charming (Italian) name—is one of the most pleasant cold fish dishes I have ever met. It is important that the trout should be completely covered with the marinade because, otherwise, they will tend to be dry, so see that the dish just fits the fish, as it were. The trout should be cleaned through the gills—that is, without cutting the belly—and the heads left on. If not, they will tend to have a ragged appearance. Incidentally, the vinegar must be red wine vinegar (obtainable from Continental grocers and stores).

For 4 persons allow 4 medium-sized trout. Season the cleaned fish with pepper and salt, and coat them with flour. Fry both sides in 1 to 2 tablespoons of olive oil, for 5 to 7 minutes in all. Place side by side in a dish into which the closely arranged trout just fit.

Meanwhile, prepare the marinade: Very gently cook a sliced onion in a tablespoon of olive oil for 10 minutes, without colouring it. Add a crushed clove of garlic, 2 leaves of fresh sage, a sprig of rosemary, a bay leaf, 3 crushed peppercorns, 2 chillies, 2 tablespoons of pure red wine vinegar and 5 tablespoons of water. Cover the trout with the mixture. Leave for 24 hours, turning each trout after 12 hours to ensure that all are soaked in the marinade. Serve from the dish.

YOU can make a 4½ to 5-lb. chicken or large duckling (and ducklings are large, these days) serve 10 to 12 people simply by boning and stuffing it. Here is a recipe you can use for either. It is a delicious dish when served hot, but doubly so when served cold because, by then, the flavours have permeated the bird and are accentuated.

Ask the poulterer to bone the bird for you. He will do this if you do not ask him on one of his busy days!

Lay the bird on the table, skin side down, dust the flesh with a little pepper and salt and fill it with the following mixture: Finely mince ¼ lb. each of leanish pork and veal and ½ lb. ham. Add 3 to 4 slices of crustless bread, soaked in milk, squeezed dry and well beaten with 2 eggs, pepper and salt to taste, a very finely chopped clove of garlic, the chopped liver (first stiffened in a little butter) and a tablespoon or so of dry white wine. Knead well together with the hands, then leave to rest so that it will be more easily handled. Well stuff the legs with it. Form the remainder into a longish roll and place it in the centre of the bird.

WRAP the meat over this filling in such a way as to get a much narrower looking bird. Sew together. Place on a rack in the roasting-tin and brush it with 2 to 3 oz. cream (not melted) butter. Add 4 to 6 tablespoons of dry white wine to the pan. Bake for probably 20 minutes at 400 deg. F. or gas mark 5, or until the bird barely begins to colour, then reduce the temperature to 325 to 350 deg. F. or gas mark 2 to 3 and finish the cooking (1½ to 2 hours in all). If the bird seems to be colouring too much, wet 2 thicknesses of greaseproof paper and cover it with them. During the cooking, baste the surface two to three times with the liquid in the pan.

Meanwhile, just cover the bones with cold water. Add a bouquet garni, a carrot and onion and seasoning to taste. Simmer for 2 to 3 hours. Leave the strained stock in the refrigerator overnight, then skim off the fat. The remainder will make an excellent aspic. Brush the cold bird with it to coat it a sixteenth of an inch or so thick. Chill a shallow platter of the remaining aspic in the refrigerator. Cut it into diamonds and garnish the bird with them, together with watercress or the inner leaves of lettuce.

Cold cooked rice, peas, diced carrots and chopped red or green sweet peppers (with a suspicion of garlic, if liked) dressed with mayonnaise are a perfect accompaniment.



How odd. This happy lady with the roses
writes novels with titles like
More Work For The Undertaker...
The Fashion in Shrouds...
Tiger in the Smoke. Yes...

Yes... it is Margery Allingham! If you were to look
in at her beautiful house in Essex, you might find her
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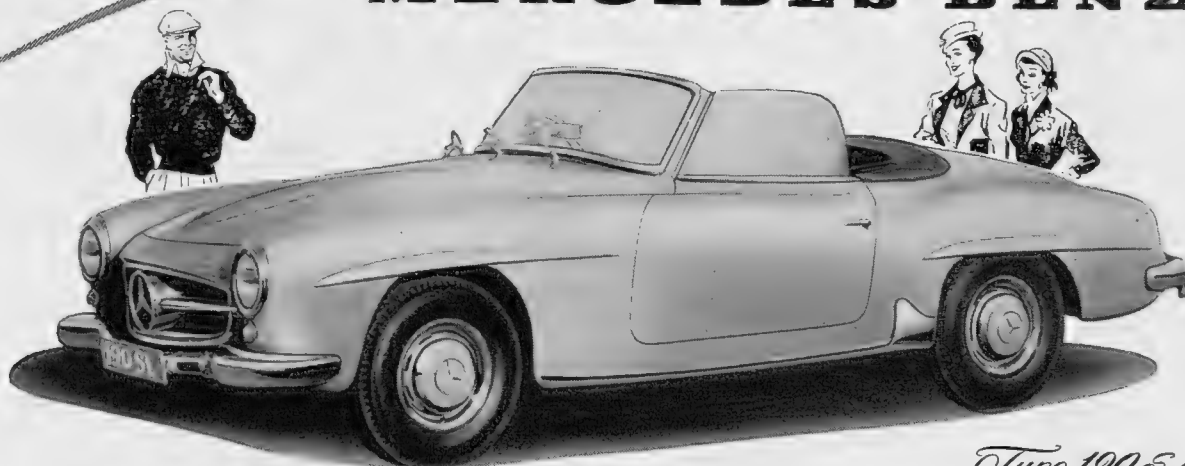
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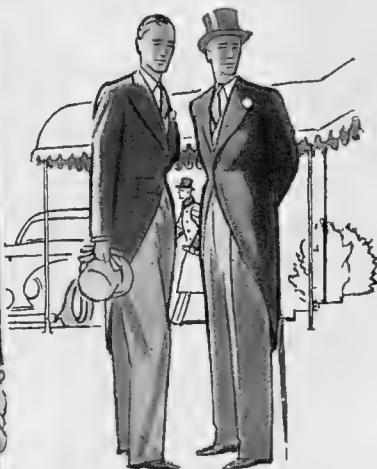


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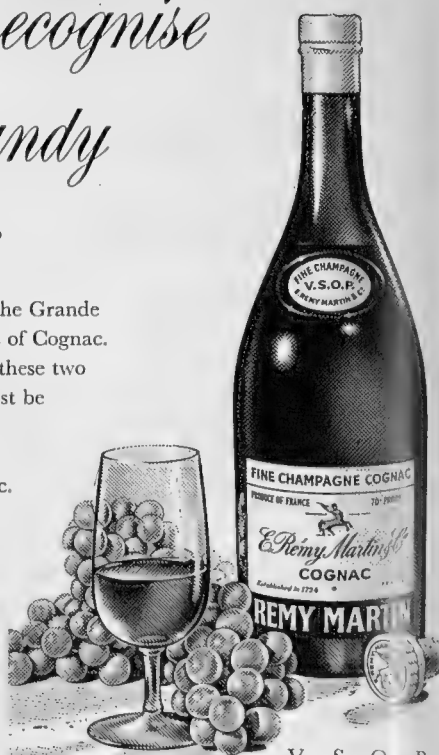
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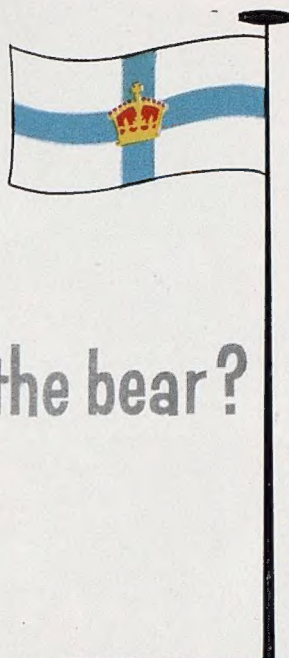
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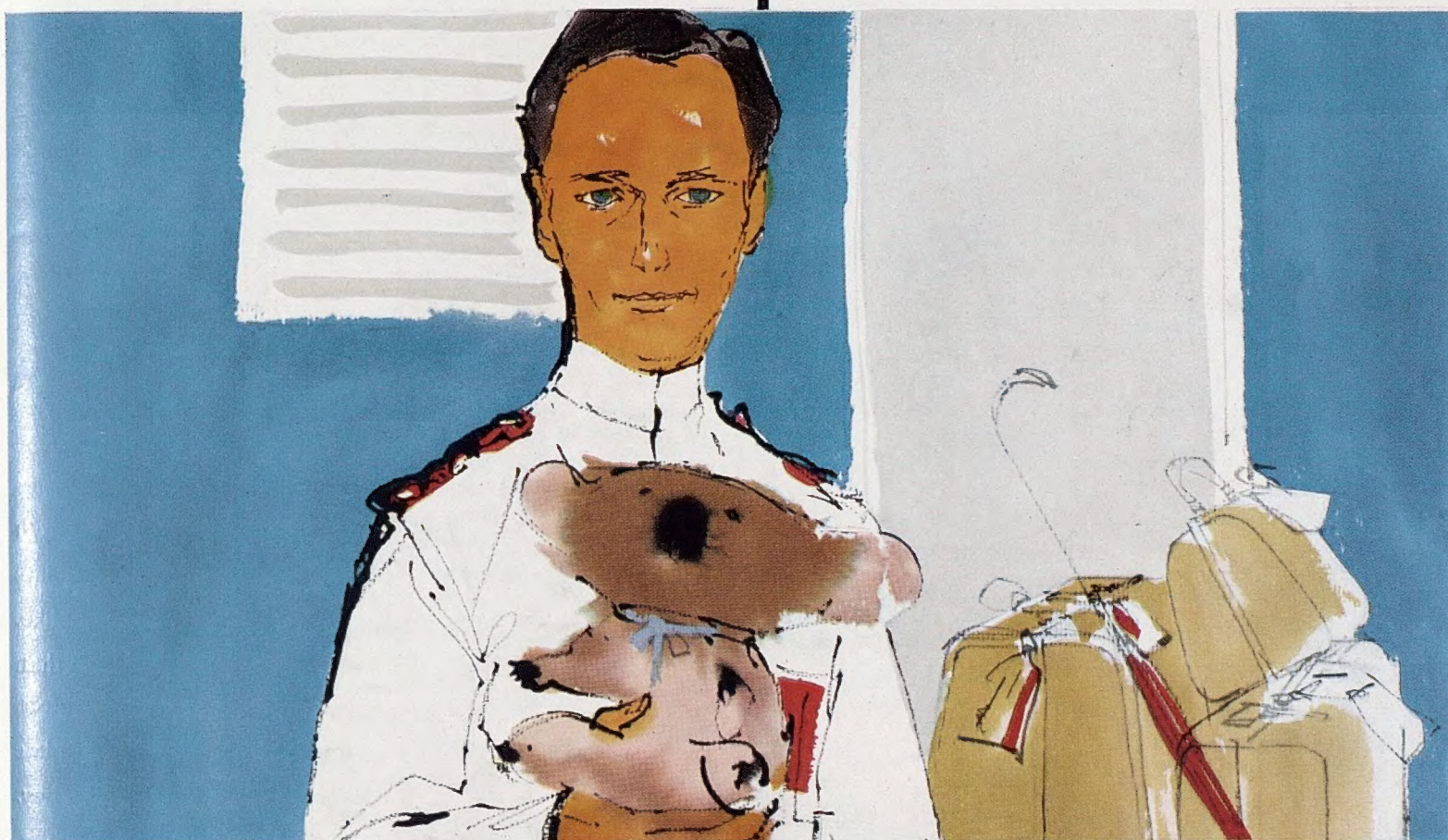
The Ear-rings Fiji, brilliant sun, emerald sea, ice clinking, green chairs confettied over the shining deck . . .



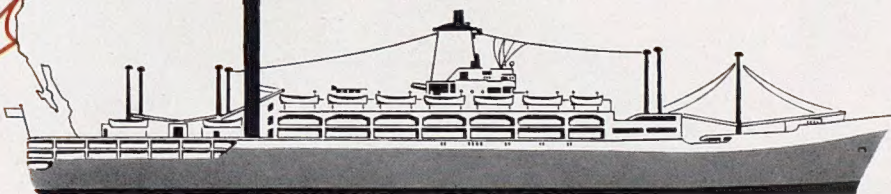
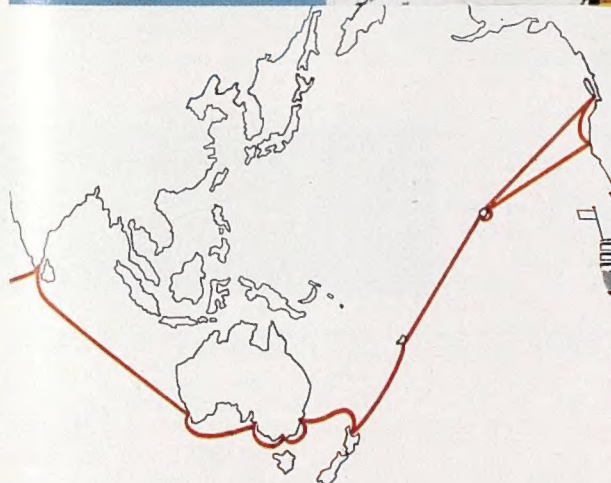
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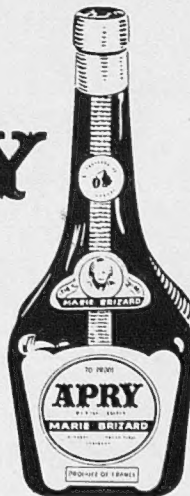


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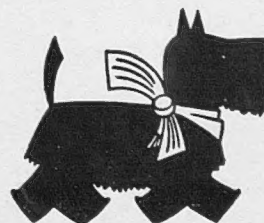
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